

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
TIMON OF ATHENS,  
THE MAN-HATER.

*First written by Mr. Wil. SHAKESPEAR,  
& since altered by Mr. Tho. SHADWELL.*



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M. D C C. XII.

THE

SECRET

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ILL

DVK

May

thought  
I can  
World  
in have  
excelling  
which  
doubt  
make  
admire  
Men



TO THE MOST  
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE  
G E O R G E  
*DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, &c.*

*May it please your Grace,*

**N**othing could ever contribute more to my having a good Opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace : The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so Noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities, which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good Men, and Men of Sence admire you, and none but Fools and ill Men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

sensible what Honour it is to me that my can tr  
Writings are approved by your Grace which  
who in your own have so clearly shown the the co  
excellency of Wit and Judgment in you Man  
Self , and so justly the defect of 'em in who  
others, that they at once serve for the great  
est Example , and the sharpest Reproof  
And no Man who has perfectly understood  
the *Rehearsal* , and some other of you  
Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all , can  
write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epistle to make  
Declamation upon these and your other ex  
cellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of  
*Buckingham* is enough : who cannot hav  
greater commendations from me than a  
who have the Honour to know him already  
give him. Amongst which number I thin  
it my greatest happiness to be one , an  
can never be prouder of any thing can arriv  
to me , than of the honour of having bee  
admitted sometimes into your Graces Con  
versation , the most charming in the World  
I am now to present your Grace with thi  
History of *Timon* , which you were please  
to tell me you liked ; and it is the mor  
worthy of you , since it has the inimitabl  
hand of *Shakespear* in it , which never mad  
more Masterly strokes than in this. Yet

ca

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

my can truly say, I have made it into a Play,  
ace which I humbly lay at your feet, begging  
n the continuance of your Favour, which no  
you Man can value more than I shall ever do,  
m i who am unfeignedly,

MY L O R D,

*Your Graces,*

*Most Obedient,*

*Humble Servant,*

THO. SHADWELL.



## PROLOGUE TO TIMON.

**S**Ince the bare gleanings of the Stage are grown  
The only Portion for brisk Wits o' th' Town , }  
We mean such as have no crop of their own ;  
Methinks you should encourage them that sow , }  
Who are to watch and gather what does grow .  
Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse , }  
As you do Mistresses for others use :  
The wittiest Play can serve him but one day , }  
Though for three Months it finds you what to say .  
Yet you your Creditors of Wit will fail , }  
And never pay , but borrow on and rail .  
Poor Ecchos can repeat Wit , though they've none , }  
Like Bag-pipes they no Sound have of their own , }  
Till some into their emptiness be blown .  
Yet...  
To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad , }  
And labour for't as if they were Wit-mad .  
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o' th' Nation , }  
And Poets eat them into Reputation .  
Some Scriblers will Wit their whole Bus'ness make , }  
For labour'd Dullness grievous Pains will take ;  
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long , }  
They now and then bring forth a foolish Song .  
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn , }  
And by this means a parlous Judge will seem .  
Wit is a common Idol , and in vain

Fops try a thou, and ways the Name to gain.  
Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the Age,  
And meddle not with Sense upon the Stage;  
To you our Poet no one Line submits,  
Who such a Coil will keep to be thought Wits :  
'Tis you who truly are so, he would please;  
But knows it is not to be done with Ease.  
In th' Art of Judging you as wise are grown;  
As in their Choice some Ladies of the Town.  
Your neat shap't Barbary Wits you will despise,  
And none but lusty Sinewy Writers prize.  
Old English Shakespear stomachs you have still,  
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with Skill.  
You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town  
Retailers are, that spread it up and down.  
Set but your Stamp upon't, though it be Brass,  
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant pass.  
Try it to day, and we are sure 'twill hit,  
All to your Sovereign Empire must submit,



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON of ATHENS.

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian Captain.*

APEMANTUS, *a Rigid Philosopher.*

NICIAS.

PHÆAX.

ÆLIUS.

CLEON.

ISANDER.

ISIDORE.

THRASILLUS.

DEMETRIUS, *Timon's Steward.*

DIPHILUS, *Servant to Timon.*

OLD MAN.

POET.

PAINTER.

JEWELLER.

MUSICIAN.

MERCHANT.

EVANDRA.

MELISSA.

CHLOE.

THAIS.

PHRINIAS.

SERVANTS.

MESSENGERS.

SEVERAL MASQUERADERS.

SOLDIERS.

} *Senators of Athens.*

} *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

SCENE ATHENS.

TIMON

Æ.



# TIMON OF ATHENS, OR, THE MAN-HATER.

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## A C T I.

### S C E N E I.

*Demetrius.*

**H**OW strange is it to see my riotous Lord  
With careless Luxury betray himself !  
To Feast and Revel all his hours away ;  
Without account how fast his Treasure  
ebbs ,  
How slowly flows ; and when I warn'd  
him of  
His following dangers , with his rigorous frowns  
He nipt my growing honesty i' th' Bud ,  
And kill'd it quite : and well for me he did so.  
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit.  
But now like Evil Councillors I comply ,

A 5

And

10      TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

And lull him in his soft lethargick life.  
And like such cursed Politicians can  
Share in the headlong ruine, and will rise by't.  
What vast rewards to nauseous Flatterers,  
To Pimps, and Women, what Estates he gives!  
And shall I have no share? Be gone all Honesty,  
Thou foolish, slender, threadbare, starving thing  
be gone!

Enter Poet.

Here's a Fellow Horse-leech: How now Poet,  
how goes the World?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord  
Timon visible?

Dem. He'll come out suddenly, what have you  
to present him?

Poet. A little Off-spring of my fruitful Muse:  
She's in travail daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you gross flatterer.

By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written himself up  
to my Lords Table, which he seldom fails: nay  
into his Chariot, where he in publick does not blush  
to own the sordid Scribler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my Noble Lord  
was Epigram: But this is in Heroick Style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by Style? That of good  
Sence is all alike;  
That is to say, with apt and easie words, not one too  
little or too much:  
And this I think good Style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o' th' matter! apt and  
easie!

Heroick must be lofty and high sounding;  
No easielanguage in Heroick Verse,  
'Tis most unfit: for should I name a Lion,

## THE MAN-HATER.

II

I must not in Heroicks call him so !

*Dem.* What then ?

*Poet.* I'd as soon call him an Ass. No thus...

The fierce Numidian Monarch of the Beasts.

*Dem.* That's lofty , is it ?

*Poet.* O yes ! but a Lyon would sound so baldly ,  
not to be endur'd , and a Bull too... but

The mighty Warriour of the horned Race :

Ah !... how that sounds !

*Dem.* Then I perceive sound's the great matter in  
this way.

*Poet.* Ever while you live.

*Dem.* How would you sound a Fox as you call it ?

*Poet.* A Fox is but a scury Beast for Heroick Verse.

*Dem.* Hum... is it so ? How will a Raven do in  
Heroick ?

*Poet.* Oh very well , Sir.

That black and dreadful fate-denouncing Fowl.

*Dem.* An excellent sound... But let me see your  
Piece.

*Poet.* I'll read it... 'Tis a good-morrow to the Lord  
Timon.

*Dem.* Do you make good-morrow sound loftily ?

*Poet.* Oh very loftily !...

*The fringed Vallance of your Eyes advance ,  
Shake off your Canopy'd and downy trance :  
Phœbus already quaffs the morning dew ,  
Each does his daily lease of life renew .*

Now you shall hear Description , 'tis the very life of  
Poetry.

*He darts his beams on the Larks mossie House ;  
And from his quiet Tenement does rouze  
The little charming and harmonious Fowl ,  
Which sings its lump of body to a Soul :  
Swiftly it clammers up in the steep Air*

*With*

*With warbling throat and makes each note a stair.*

Enter

There's rapture for you ! hah!...

*Dem.* Very fine.

*Poet.* This the solicitous Lover straight alarms,  
Who too long slumber'd in his Cælias arms :  
And now the swelling Spunges of the night  
With aking heads stagger from their delight :  
Slovenly Taylors to their Needles hast :  
Already now the moving Shops are plac'd  
By those who crop the treasures of the fields ,  
And all those Gems the ripening Summer yields.

Who d'ye think these are now ? Why... Nothing but  
Herb-Women : these are fine lofty expressions for  
Herb-Women : Ha!... *Already now*, &c.

*Dem.* But what's all this to my Lord?

*Poet.* No, that's true, 'tis description though.

*Dem.* Yes in twenty lines to describe to him that  
'tis about the Fourth hour in the Morning... I'll in and  
let him know in three words 'tis the seventh.

[ *Exit Demetrius.* ]

Enter Musician.

*Poet.* Good Morning, Sir, whither this way ?

*Mus.* To present his Honour with a piece of  
Musick.

Enter Demetrius.

*Dem.* My Lord will soon come out.

*Poet.* He's the very Spirit of Nobility...  
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth ,  
His Universal bounty falls on all.

Enter

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*Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, and several others.*

Jewell. Good Morrow, Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the House !

Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws ?

Magick of bounty... These familiar Spirits  
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewell. 'Tis of an excellent Water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir ?

Paint. It is a Picture, Sir, a dumb piece of Poetry :  
But you present a speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing slipt idly from me :  
The fire within the flint shews not it self  
Till it be struck ; our gentle flame provokes  
It self...

Dem. You write so scurvily, the Devil's in any  
Man that provokes  
You, but your self.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the Life.

Paint. So, so.

Dem. Now must these Rascals be presented all,  
As if they had saved his Honour, or his Life ;  
And I must have a feeling in the business.

*Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.*

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd !

*Enter more who pass over.*

Paint. See more, well, he's a noble Spirit !

Jewell. A most worthy Lord !

Poet. What a floud of Visitors his bounty draws !

Dem.

14 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

*Dem.* You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
As well of glib and slippery Creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality, present  
Their services to Lord *Timons* prosp'rous Fortune.  
He to his good and gracious nature does subdue  
All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd Flatterer  
To *Apemantus*, that Philosophical Churl  
Who hates the World, and does almost abhor  
Himself...

*Paint.* He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the  
finest Picture!

*Poet.* The joy of all Mankind, deserves a *Homer*  
for his Poet.

*Jewell.* A most accomplish'd Person!

*Poet.* The Glory of the Age!

*Paint.* Above all Parallel!

*Dem.* And yet these Rogues, were this Man poor,  
would fly him,

As I would them, if I were he.

[*Soft Musick.*

*Poet.* Here's excellent Musick!

In what delights he melts his hours away!

Enter Timon and Senators, Timon addressing himself  
courteously to all.

*Tim.* My Lord you wrong your self, and bate too  
much of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

*Aelius.* With more than common thanks I must  
receive it.

*Ifidore.* Your Lordship has the very Soul of Bounty.

*Pheax.* You load us with too many Obligations.

*Tim.* I never can oblige my Friends too much.  
My Lord, I remember you the other day  
Commended a Bay Courser which I rode on:  
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

*Pheax.* I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.

*Tim.*

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ds, Tim. My word is past : is there ought else you like? know, my Lord, no Man can justly praise what he does affect ; and I must weigh ly Friends affections with my own : o kindly I receive your visits, Lords : ly heart is not enough to give, methinks, could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne'er be weary.

Aelius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast bounty !

Cleon. The spirit of Magnificence reigns in you !

Phœax. Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.

Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much honour.

I sand. There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.

Thrasil. None but the Sun and He oblige, without prospect of Return.

sick. Enter a Messenger and whispers Timon.

Tim. Lampridius Imprison'd ! say you ?

Mess. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his Debt; his Means are short, his Creditors most strict ; he begs your Letter to those cruel Men, that may preserve him from his utter ruine.

Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off my Friend when most he needs me : I know him, Gentleman that well deserves my help ; which he shall have : I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your Lordship ever binds him to your service.

Tim. Command me to him, I will send his Ransom, and when he's free, bid him depend on me : it is not enough to help the feeble up, it to support him after... tell him so.

Mess. All happiness to your honour.

[ Exit Messenger.

Enter

16 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

*Enter an Old Athenian.*

*Old Man.* My Lord, pray hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, Good Father.

*Old Man.* You have a Servant named *Diphilus*.

*Tim.* I have so, that is he.

*Old Man.* That Fellow there by night frequents  
House.

I am a Man that from my first have been  
Inclin'd to thrift, and my Estate deserves  
A nobler Heir than one that holds a Trencher.

*Tim.* Go on.

*Old Man.* I have an only Daughter: no Kin else  
On whom I may confer what I have got:  
The Maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a Bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.  
This Man attempts her love; pray, my good L  
Join with me to forbid him; I have often  
Told him my mind in vain.

*Tim.* The Man is honest.

*Old Man.* His honesty rewards him in himself;  
It must not bear my Daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Man.* She is young and apt.

*Tim.* Do you love her?

*Diphil.* Yes, my good Lord, and she accept  
mine.

*Old Man.* If to her Marriage my consent  
wanting,

I call the Gods to witness, I will make  
The Beggars of the street my Heirs, e'er she  
Shall have a drachma.

*Tim.* This Gentleman of mine has serv'd me lo  
There is a duty from a Master too;  
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,  
What e'er your Daughters Portion weighs, this M

# THE MAN-HATER.

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ill counterpoise.

*Old Man.* Say you so, my Noble Lord ! upon  
your honour  
is, and She is his.

*Tim.* Give me thy hand : my Honour on my  
promise.

*Diphil.* My Noble Lord, I thank you on my  
Knees :

y I be as miserable as I shall be base  
hen I forget this most surprizing favour :  
Fortune or Estate shall e'er be mine,  
nich I'll not humbly lay before your feet.

*Tim.* Rise. I ne'er do good with prospect of return,  
at were but Merchandizing, a meer Trade  
putting kindness out to Use.

*Poet.* Vouchsafe to accept my labours, and long  
live your Lordship.

*Tim.* I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon.  
at have you there, my Friend ?

*Faint.* A piece of Limning for your Lordship.

*Tim.* 'Tis wellcome : I like it, and you shall find I  
do.

*Jewel.* My Lord, here's the Jewel.

*Tim.* 'Tis Excellent !

*Enter Apemantus.*

*Jewel.* Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the  
wearing.

*Tim.* Well mock't.

*Poet.* No, my good Lord, he speaks what all  
Men think.

*Apem.* Scum of all Flatterers wilt thou still persist  
filthy gain to guild and varnish o'er  
is great Mans Vanities !

*Tim.* Nay, now we must be chidden.

*Poet.* I can bear with your Lordship.

B

*Apem.*

18 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

*Apem.* Yes and without him too : vain credulity come  
*Timon,*

If thou believ'it this Knave, thou art a Fool.

*Tim.* Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good Mornngnoran  
to thee.

*Apem.* Till I am gentle stay for thy good Mornngbeax.  
Till thou art *Timons* Dog, and these Knaves holpem.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them Knaves ?

*Apem.* They are *Athenians*, and I'll not recar self an  
They're all base Fawners ; what a coil is here not all  
With smiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums : heir In  
I wonder whether all the Legs they make heir D  
Are worth the summs they cost you ; Friendship's ass aw  
Of dregs, base filthy dregs. make

Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth for cringesim. I,

*Ælius.* Do you know us, Fellow ?

*Apem.* Did I not call you by your names ? n what

*Tim.* Thou preachest against Vice, and thou'pem. u, w  
self art proud, *Apemantus*.

*Apem.* Proud ! that I am not *Timon*.

*Tim.* Why so ?

*Apem.* To give belief to flattering Knaves' em su  
Poets,

And to be still my self my greatest Flatterer : im. I  
What should Great Men be proud of ? made of nob&eax.  
And pomp and show, and holding up their heads ITG an  
And cocking up their Noses ; pleas'd to see pem. I  
Base smiling Knaves, and cringing Fools bow to su  
Did they but see their own ridiculous Folly,  
Their mean and absurd Vanities ; they'd hide  
Their heads within some dark and little corner ,  
And be afraid that every Fool should find 'em.

*Tim.* Thou hast too much sowneys in thy blooofsumma

*Poet.* Hang him,... ne'er mind him...

*Apem.* What is this foolish animal Man, that  
Should magnifie him so ? A little warm,  
And walking earth that will be ashes soon ?

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edu come into the World crying and squalling,  
so much of our time's consum'd in driv'ling  
infancy,

Morgnorance, sleep, disease and trouble, that  
remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

Torr**beax.** A Preaching Fool.

hot**pem.** A Fool? If thou hadst half my Wit thou'dst  
find

ecar self an Ass! Is it not truth I speak?  
not all the arts and subtleties of Men,  
heir Inventions, all their Sciences,  
heir Diversions, all their Sports, little enough  
hip pass away their happiest hours with,

make a heavy Life be born with Patience?

ngesim. I, with the help of my Friends, will make  
mine easier

n what your melancholy frames.

thou**pem.** How little dost thou look before thee!

u, who tak'st such great felicity in Fools and  
Knaves,

in thy own enjoyments, wilt e'er long  
aves' em such thin, such poor and empty shadows,  
t thou wilt wish thou never hadst been born.

im. I do not think so.

of nob**beax.** Hang him, send him to the *Areopagus*,  
heads and let him be whipt!

**pem.** Thus Innocence, Truth and Merit often  
w to suffer,

ist Injurers, Oppressors and desertless Fools,  
ll in their brief Authority, look big  
er, strut in Furs: 'tis a foul shame,  
n. tis a loathsome Age,... it has been long  
bloostumating with its Villany;

now the fwelling's broken out

that of contagious Ulcers; no place free  
n the destructive Pestilence of manners.  
upon't, 'tis time the World should end!

20 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Tim. Do not rail so... 'tis to little purpose. Tim.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my Morning-<sup>Le</sup> Apem  
And I'll be gone... e, til

Tim. Whither ? Phaa.

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenians Br Tim.

Tim. Why ? That's a deed thou'l die for, Tim.  
mantus. is odo

Apem. Yes if doing nothing be Death by the th me

Tim. Will nothing please thee ? How dost Apem  
like this Picture ? Tim.

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn  
'Twill neither lie, drink, nor Whore,  
Flatter a Man to his Face, and cut his Throat  
Behind his back ; for since false similes, and ba  
Dishonour traffique with Mans nature,  
He is but mere outside ; your Pictures are  
Even such as they give out : Oh ! did you see  
The insides of these Fellows minds about you,  
You'd loath the base corruptions more than all  
The putrid Excrements their Bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd Villain. Tim.

Tim. He hurts not us. How likest thou this J Tim.

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, whic u are  
not cost a Man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth Nic.

Apem. What Fools esteem it, it is not wor Tim.

Lo, now the mighty use of thy great Riches ! 'Natu  
That must set infinite value on a Bauble ! ere on  
Will't keep thee warm, or satisfy thy thirst ; hen w  
Or hunger ? No it is comparison Nic.  
That gives it value ; then, thou look'st upon  
Thy finger, and art very proud to think Tim.  
A poor Man cannot have it : Childish pleasure ! Apem.  
What stretcht inventions must be found to make thy C  
Great wealth of use ? Oh ! that I were a Lord ! at mo

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*Tim.* What would'st thou do ?

*Apem.* I would cudgel two Men a day for flattering  
e, till I had beaten the whole Senate.

*Phæax.* Let the Villain be soundly punish'd for his  
is Brentious Tongue.

for, *Tim.* No, the Man is honest, 'tis his humour :  
is odd, and methinks pleasant. You must dine  
y the th me, *Apemantus.*

dost *Apem.* I devour no Lords.

*Tim.* No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be an-  
gry.

*Apem.* Yet they with all their modest simperings,  
oat d varnish'd looks, can swallow Lords, and get  
nd baeat Bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous  
zors on, till a poor little Bastard steals into  
e World, and tells a tale.

*Enter Nicias.*

*Tim.* My Noble Lord, welcome ! most welcome  
to my Arms !

*Nic.* You are the Fountain from which all my happiness  
d spring ! your Matchless Daughter, fair *Melissa.*

*Nic.* You honour us too much, my Lord.

*Tim.* I cannot, she is the joy of *Athens* ! the chief  
delight

'Nature, the only life I live by : Oh, that her vows  
ere once expir'd ; it is, methinks, an Age till that  
blest day

hen we shall joyn our hands and hearts together.

*Nic.* 'Tis but a Week, my Lord.

*Tim.* 'Tis a Thousand Years.

*Apem.* Thou miserable Lord, hast thou to compleat  
make thy Calamities, that plague of Love ?  
Lord ! at most unmanly madness of the mind,

22 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

That specious Cheat , as false as Friendship is ?  
Did'st thou but see how like a sniveling thing  
Thou look'st and talk'st , thou would'st abhor  
                laugh at

Thy own admired Image.

*Tim.* Peace : I will hear no railing on this subject  
*Apem.* Oh vile corrupted time , that men shou

Deaf to good Counsel , not to Flatterie.

*Tim.* Come , my dear Friends , let us now visit

Gardens ,

And refresh our selves with some cool Wine

Fruit :

I am transported with your Visits !

There is not now a Prince whom I can envy ,

Unless it be in that he can more bestow

Upon the Men he loves.

*Ælius.* My Noble Lord ,

Who would not wed your Friendship ,

Though without a Dowry ?

*Isidor.* Most worthy Timon !

Who has a Life you may not call your own ?

*Pheax.* We are all your Slaves.

*Poet.* The joy of all Mankind.

*Jewel.* Great spirit of Nobleness.

*Tim.* We must not part this day , my Friends

*Apem.* So , so , crouching Slaves , Aches come

and make your supple

Joynts to wither . That there should be so little

Love among these Knaves , yet all this Courtesie

They hate and scorn each other , yet they kiss

As if they were of different Sexes : Villains , Vile

[ Exeunt

Enter Evandra. Re-enter Timon.

*Tim.* Hail to the fair Evandra ! methinks  
looks are chang'd ,

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? clouded with some grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my Ears this Morning were  
hor saluted with

the most unhappy News, the dismal'st story,

the only one cou'd have afflicted me;

sub dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted,

(how) with a cold sweat oe'r all my Limbs.

Tim. What was it, Madam?

wif Evand. You speak not with the kindness you were  
wont,

Vine we been us'd to tenderer words than these:

too true, and I am miserable!

Tim. What is't disturbs you so? Too well I guess.

[Aside.]

Evand. I hear I am to lose your Love, which was  
the only Earthly Blessing I enjoy'd,  
that on which my Life depended.

Tim. No, I must ever love my Excellent *Evandra*!

Evand. *Melissa* will not suffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,  
you well may'st blush at thy Ingratitude!

I so much towards thee, I ne'er shou'd show  
Face without confusion: Such a guilt,  
If I had destroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd  
thy Estate, and made thee infamous!

Love to me I cou'd prefer before  
cold respects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind so far above return,  
it tis beyond expression.

Evand. Call to mind  
ofse Race I sprung from, that of great *Alcides*,  
ough not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth  
my unspotted Fame yielded to none.

On your knees a thousand times have sworn,  
ut they exceeded all; and yet all these,  
e only Treasures a poor Maid possest,  
rific'd to you, and rather chose  
hrow my self away, than you shou'd be

24    TIMON OF ATHENS : or

Uneasie in your wishes ; since which happy ,  
And yet unhappy time , you have been to me ,  
My Life , my Joy , my Earth , my Heaven , my  
I never had one single wish beyond you ;  
Nay , every action , every thought of mine ,  
How far soe'er their large Circumference  
Stretcht out , yet center'd all in you ; You were  
My end , the only thing could fill my Mind .

*Tim.* She strikes me to the heart ! I would  
not seen her . [ 4 ]

*Evan.* Ah *Timon* , I have lov'd you so , that  
My Eyes offended you , I with these fingers  
Had pluck't 'em by the roots , and cast them from  
Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was  
Not yours , I with this hand would rip it open :  
Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can say this ;  
And yet I am not one , but you are now to marry

*Tim.* That I have lov'd you , you and Heaven  
witnesse

By many long repeated acts of Love ,  
And Bounty I have shew'd you... .

*Evan.* Bounty ! ah *Timon* !

I am not yet so mean , but I contemn  
Your transitory dirt , and all rewards ,  
But that of Love ; your Person was the bound  
Of all my Thoughts and Wishes ; in return  
You have lov'd me ! Oh miserable found !  
I would you never had , or always would .

*Tim.* Man is not Master of his Appetites ,  
Heav'n sways our mind to Love .

*Evan.* But Hell to falsehood :

How many thousand times y' have vow'd and fw  
Eternal Love : Heav'n has not yet absolv'd  
You of your Oaths to me ; nor can I ever :  
My Love's as much too much as your's too little .

*Tim.* If you love me , you'll love my Happine  
*Melissas* Beauty and her Love to me

# THE MAN-HATER.

25

Has so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.

*Evan.* If I had lov'd another, when you first,  
My dear, false *Timon* swore to me, would you  
Have wisht I might have found my happiness  
Within another's Arms? No, no, it is  
To Love a contradiction.

*Tim.* 'Tis a truth I cannot answer.

*Evan.* Besides, *Melissas* beauty  
Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock;  
Even modesty may praise it self when 'tis  
Aspers'd; Besides her Love is mercenary,  
Most mercenary, base, 'tis Marriage-Love.  
She gives her person, but in vile exchange  
She does demand your liberty: But I  
Could generously give without mean bargaining:  
I trusted to your honour, and lost mine,  
Lost all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought  
I should have lost my Love, and cast it on  
A barren and ungrateful soil that would return no fruit.  
*Tim.* This does perplex me, I must break it off.

[*Afside.*

*Evan.* The first storm of your Love did shake  
me so,  
It threw down all my leaves my hopeful blossoms.  
Pull'd down my branches; but this latter tempest of  
your hate  
Strikes at my root, and I must wither now,  
Like a desertless, sapless Tree: must fall...

*Tim.* You are secure against all injuries  
While I have breath...

*Evan.* And yet you do the greatest.

*Tim.* You shall be so much Partner of my Fortune  
As will secure you full respect from all,  
And may support your Quality in what pomp you can  
desire.

*Evan.* I am not of so course a Mould, or have  
So gross a mind, as to partake of ought

B 5

That'

26 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

That's yours without you...

But, oh thou too dear perjur'd Man, I cou'd  
With thee prefer a Dungeon, a low and loathsome  
Dungeon,

Before the stately gilded fretted Roofs,  
The Pomp, the Noise, the Show, the Revelling,  
And all the glittering splendour of a Palace.

*Tim.* I by resistless fate am hurry'd on...

*Evand.* A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.

*Tim.* If that were not, my honour is engag'd...

*Evand.* It had a pre-engagement.

*Tim.* All the great Men of *Athens* urge me on  
To marry her and to preserve my Race.

*Evan.* Suppose your Wife be false; (as 'tis not new  
In *Athens*;) and let others graft upon  
Your stock; where is your Race? weak vulgar Reason!

*Tim.* Her honour will not suffer her.

*Evan.* She may do it cunningly and keep her  
honour.

*Tim.* Her love will then secure her; which is as  
fervent...

*Evan.* As yours was once to me, and may continue  
Perhaps as long; and yet you cannot know  
She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian* Law  
Made Love a Merchandise, to traffick hearts  
For Marriage, and for Dowry, who's secure?  
Now her great sign of Love is, she's content  
To bind you in the strongest Chains, and to  
A slavery, nought can manumize you from  
But death: And I could be content to be  
A Slave to you, without those vile conditions...

*Tim.* Why are not our desires within our power?  
Or why should we be punish't for obeying them?  
But we cannot create our own affections;  
They're mov'd by some invisible active Pow'r,  
And we are only passive, and whatever  
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience

To

## THE MAN-HATER.

27

To our desires , we suffer , not commit ;  
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree ,  
That we must suffer first , and then be punish't for't.

*Evan.* Your Philosophy is too subtle... but what  
Security of Love from her can be like mine ?  
Is Marriage a bond of Truth , which does consist  
Of a few trifling Ceremonies ? Or are those  
Charms or Philters ? 'Tis true , my Lord , I was not  
First lifted o'er the Threshold , and then  
Led by my Parents to *Minervas* Temple :  
No young unyoked Heifers blood was offer'd  
To *Diana* ; no Invocation to *Juno* , or the *Parcae* :  
No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch ;  
Nor was your House adorn'd with Garlands then ;  
Nor had I Figs thrown on my head , or lighted  
By my dear Mothers Torches to your Bed.  
Are these slight things , the Bonds of truth and  
constancy ?

I came all Love into your Arms , unmixt  
With other aims ; and you for this will cause my death.

*Tim.* I'd sooner seek my own , *Evandra*.

*Evan.* Ah , my Lord , if that be true , then go not  
to *Melissa*

For I shall die to see another have  
Possession of all that e'er I wisht for on Earth.

*Tim.* I would I had not seen *Melissa* :...

*Evan.* Ah , my dear Lord , there is some comfort  
left ;

Cherish those noble thoughts , and they'll grow stron-  
ger ,

Your lawful Gratitude and Love will rise ,  
And quell the other Rebel-passion in you ;  
Use all the endeavours which you can , and if  
They fail in my relief , I'll die to make you happy.

*Tim.* You have moved me to be Womanish ; pray  
retire ,

I will love you.

*Evan.*

28      TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

*Evan.* Oh happy word ! Heav'n ever bless my Kill  
Dear ;

Farewel : but will you never see *Melissa* more ?

*Tim.* Sweet Excellence ! Retire.

*Evan* I will... will you remember your *Evandra* ?

*Tim.* Yes , I will.

How happy were Mankind in Constancy ,  
'Twould equal us with the Celestial Spirits !  
O could we meet with the same tremblings still ,  
Those panting Joys , those furious Desires ,  
Those happy Trances which we found at first ! But ,  
oh !

*Unhappy Man* , whose most transporting joy ,  
Feeds on such luscious food as soon will cloy ,  
*And that which shou'd preserve* , does it destroy .

[ Exit Timon.]



A C T   I I .

ENTER MELISSA AND CHLOE.

*Melissa.*

**W**Hat think'ſt thou , *Chloe* ? Will this Dress be  
come me ?

*Chlo.* Oh , most exceedingly ! This pretty curl  
Does give you such a killing Grace , I swear  
That all the youth at the Lord Timons Mask will die  
for you .

*Mel.* No : But dost thou think so , *Chloe* ? I love  
To make those Fellows die for me , and I  
All the while look so scornfully , and then with my  
Head on one side , with a languishing Eye I do so

Kill

## THE MAN-HATER. 29

my Kill 'em again : Prithee, what do they say of me,  
*Chloe* ?

*Chlo.* Say ! That you are the Queen of all their  
hearts,

*dra* Their Goddess, their Destiny, and talk of *Cupids*  
Flames,

And Darts, and Wounds ! Oh 'tis the rarest language,  
Twould make one die to hear it ; and ever now  
And then they steal some gold into my hand,  
And then commend me too.

*But,* Mel. Dear Soul, do they, and do they die for me ?

*Chlo.* Oh yes, the finest, properest Gentlemen...

*Mel.* But there are not many that die for me ?  
humh...

*Chlo.* Oh yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Theffalus*,  
*Eumolpides*,

*Memnon*, and indeed all that see your Ladyship.

*Mel.* I'll swear ? How is my Complexion to day ?  
ha, *Chole* ?

*Chlo.* O most fragrant ! 'tis a rare white wash this ;

*Mel.* I think it is the best I ever bought ; had I not  
best

Lay on some more red, *Chloe* ?

*Chlo.* A little more would do well ; it makes you  
look

So pretty, and so plump, Madam.

*Mel.* I have been too long this Morning in dressing.

*Chlo.* Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three  
hours.

*Mel.* No more ! well, if I were sure to be thus  
pretty but seven

Years, I'd be content to die then on that condition.

*Chlo.* The Gods forbid.

*Mel.* I'll swear I would ; but dost thou think ,

*Timon* will like me in this dress ?

*Chlo.* Oh he dies for you in any dress, Madam !

*Mel.*

Kill

30      TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

*Mel.* Oh this vile Taylor that brought me not ~~He w~~  
home my new  
Habit to day; he deserves the Ostracism! a Villain,  
To disorder me so; I am afraid it has done harm  
To my complexion: I have dreamt of it these two ~~Imag~~  
nights,

And shall not recover it this Week...

*Chlo.* Indeed, Madam, he deserves death from ~~I vow~~  
your Eyes.

*Mel.* I think I look pretty well? Will not *Timon* ~~Ch~~  
Perceive my disorder?... hah...

*Chlo.* Oh no, but you speak as if you made this ~~What~~  
killing preparation for none but *Timon*. ~~Me~~

*Mel.* O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have  
all the

Young Blades follow, kiss my hand, admire, adore me,  
And die for me: but I must have but one favour'd  
Servant; it is the Game and not the Quarry, I  
Must look after in the rest.

*Chloe.* Oh Lord, I would have as many Admirers as  
I could.

*Mel.* Ah so would I... but favour one alone.  
No, I am resolv'd nothing shall corrupt my honesty; ~~Tim~~  
Those Admirers would make one a Whore, *Chloe*, ~~1 fres~~  
And that undoes us, 'tis our interest to be honest. ~~All ha~~

*Chloe.* Would they? No I warrant you, I'd fain see ~~Me~~  
Any of those Admirers make me a Whore. ~~Tim~~

*Mel.* *Timon* loves me honestly and is rich...

*Chloe.* You have forgot your *Alcibiades*:  
He is the rarest Person!

*Mel.* No, no, I could love him dearly: Oh he  
was the beautiful'st Man,

The finest wit in *Athens*, the best Companion, full of ~~o fro~~  
mirth

And pleasure, and the prettiest ways he had to please ~~Nora~~  
Ladies,

# THE MAN-HATER.

31

not He would make his Enemies rejoice to see him.

*Chloe.* Why? He is all this, and can do all this still.  
*Mel.* Ah, but he has been long banish'd for breaking  
Mercurys

the two Images, and prophaning the mysteries of *Proserpine*.

Besides, the People took his Estate from him,

And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart, I swear:  
from I vow methinks I look so pretty to day, I could

Kiss my self, *Chloe*.

*Chloe.* Oh dear Madam... I could look on you for  
ever: oh

What a World of Murder you'll commit to day!

*Mel.* Dost thou think so? Ha? No, no...

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The Lord *Timon's* come to wait on you, and  
begs Admittance.

*Mel.* Desire his presence.

*Enter Timon.*

nesty; *Tim.* There is enchantment in her looks,

fresh I am wounded every time I see her:

All happiness to beautiful *Melissa*.

*Mel.* I shall want none in you, my dearest Lord.

*Tim.* Sweetest of Creatures, in whom all th'  
Excellence

Of heav'ny Woman-kind is seen unmixt;

Nature has wrought thy mettle up without alloy.

Oh he *Mel.* I have no value, but my love of you,

And that I am sure has no alloy, 'tis of

, fullest strong a temper, neither time nor death,

Nor any change can break it...

please *Tim.* Dear charming sweet, thy value is so great,

To Kingdom upon Earth should buy thee from me:

He but I have still an Enemy with you,

That

32 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

That guards me from my happiness; a Vow  
Against the Law of Nature, against Love,  
The best of Nature, and the highest Law.

Mel. It will be but a Week in force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole Age: in all approaching joys;  
The nearer they come to us, still the time  
Seems longer to us: But my, dear *Melissa*,  
Why should we bind our selves with Vows and Oaths?  
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,  
Our Liberty's so narrow, that we need not  
Find Fetters for our selves: No we should seize  
On pleasure wheresoever we can find it,  
Lest at another time we miss it there.

Chlo. Madam, break your Vow, it was a rash o-

Mel. Thou foolish Wench, I cannot get my thing  
In order till that time; dost think I will  
Be Marri'd like some vulgar Creature, which  
Snatches at the first offer, as if she  
Were desperate of having any other.

Tim. Is there no hope that you will break y-

Vow?

Mel. If any thing, one word of yours wou'd do  
But how can you be once secure, I'll keep  
A Vow to you, that would not to my self?

Tim. Some dreadful accident may come, Meli-  
To interrupt our Joys; let us make sure  
O'th' present minute, for the rest, perhaps,  
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it shou'd, if I shou'd break a V-  
No, you shall never find a change in me;  
All the fixt stars shall sooner stray  
With an irregular motion, than I change:  
This may assure you of my Love; if not,  
Upon my Knees I swear...  
Were I the Queen of all the Universe,  
And *Timon* were reduc'd to Rags and Misery,  
I would not change my love to him.

Tim. And here I vow,  
ould all the frame of Nature be dissolv'd,  
ould the firm Centre shake, should Earthquakes rage  
th such a fury to disorder all  
g joys; peaceful and agreeing Elements,  
they were hudled into their first Chaos,  
ong as I could be, I'd be the same,  
ad Oates same Adorer of *Melissa*!

Mel. This is so great a Blessing, Heav'n cann't add  
to it.

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n *Melissa*, the last mark  
all my hopes and wishes; so I prize thee,  
at I cou'd die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timons.

Serv. My Lord, your Dinner's ready, and your  
ardships Guests wait your wisht Presence: the Lord  
*is* already there.

Tim. Let's haft to wait on him, *Melissa*.

Mel. It is my duty to my Father. [ *Exeunt*. ]

Poet, Apemantus, Servants setting things in  
order for the Feast.

Poet. His Honour will soon be here, I have  
par'd the Maskers; They are all ready.

Apem. How now, Poet? What piece of foppery  
st thou to present to *Timon*?

Poet. Thou art a fenceless snarling Stoick,  
d haft no taste of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetry's insipid, none can taste it:  
ou art a wordy foolish Scribler, who  
rit'st nothing but high-sounding frothy stuff;  
ou spread'st, and beat'st out thy poor little fence,

'Tis all leaf-gold', it has no weight in it.  
Thou lov'st impertinent description,  
And when thou hast a rapture , it is not  
The sacred rapture of a Poet , but  
Incoherent , extravagant , and unnatural ,  
Like Madmens thoughts , and this thou calls

*Poem.* You a judge ! shall dull Philosophers  
Of us the nimble fancies , and quick spirits of the

*Apem.* The Cox-combs of the Age :  
Are there such eminent fopperies as in the  
Poets of this time ? Their most unreasonable helius.  
Are whimsical , and fantastick as Fidlers ,  
They are the scorn and laughter of all witty Men  
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible ,  
None of you have the judgment of a Gander.

*Enter Ælius , Nicias , Phæax , and the others Set , m*

*Poet.* You are a base snarling Critick ; write  
Self , do an you dare.

*Apem.* I confess 'tis a daring piece of valour ,  
Man of sence to write to an Age that like fear  
spurious stuff.

*Nici.* What time of the day is't *Apemantus* ? ito

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*Ælius.* That time serves alway.

*Apem.* Then what excuse hast thou ,  
That would'st thus long omit it ?

*Ifid.* You stay to be at the Lord Timons Feast .

*Apem.* Yes , to see Meat fill Knaves , and  
heat Fools.

*Cleon.* Well , fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art an Ass to bid me farewell.

*Cleon.* Why so ?

*Apem.* Because I have not so little reason  
honesty to return thee one good wish for it.

## THE MAN-HATER. 35

*bax.* Go hang thy self.

*pem.* I'll do nothing at thy bidding, make thy  
tests to thy Friend, if there be such a Wretch on  
l, h.

alls *Pbax.* Be gone, unpeaceable Dog, or I will  
phers *n thee* from me.

ts of th *pem.* Though I am none, I'll fly like a Dog the  
s of the Ass.

*ici.* He's opposite to all humanity...

able *lius.* Now we shall taste of *Timon's* bounty.

*bax.* He hath a heart brimful of kindness and

ry Men will...

ible, d. And pours it down on all his Friends, as if  
der. us the God of Wealth were but his Steward.

*bax.* No Meed but he repays sev'n-fold above  
bers *Sef*, no gift but breeds the giver such  
rn as does exceed his wishes.

write *braſil.* He bears the nobleſt mind that ever  
rn'd Man.

valour, *ear.* Long may he live with prosperous Fortunes  
at like fearit...

*lius.* I hear a whisper, as though he fails his  
antus? *itoss*, even of their Interest.

*bax.* I fear it is too true...

, 'tis pitty : but he's a good Lord !

Feast.' Timon with Melissa, Chloe, Nicias, and a  
, and great Train with him.

wel. ere he comes. My Noble Lord.

*ci.* Most worthy *Timon*!

*lius.* My most honour'd Lord.

le reas*m.* You over-joy me with your presence ! is there  
it. arth a sight so splendid, as Tables well

36      TIMON OF ATHENS : or ,

Fill'd with good and faithful Friends , like you !  
Dear *Melissa* ! be pleas'd to know my Friends :  
Oh *Apemantus* ! thou'rt welcome.

*Apem.* No , thou shalt not make me welcom  
I come to tell thee truth , and if thou hear'st me  
I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter . Thin  
On the ebb of your Estate , and flow of Debts ;  
How many prodigal bits do Slaves and Flatterers  
And now 'tis noble *Timon* , worthy *Timon*

*Timon* ;

And when the Means is gone that buys this prai  
The breath is gone whereof the praiſe is made.

*Tim.* It is not so with my Estate.

*Apem.* None are ſo honest to tell thee  
vanities,

So the Gods bless me :

When all your Offices have been opprest  
With riotous Feeders , when every Vault has  
With drunken ſplith of Wine , when every ro  
Has blaz'd with lights , and bray'd with Minſtri  
Or roaring ſinging Drunkards ; I have retir'd  
To my poor homely Cell , and ſet my Eyes  
At flow for thee , because I find ſomething in  
Thee that might be worthy... but as thou art I  
Hate and ſcorn thee.

*Tim.* Come , preach no more , had I no Estate  
am rich in Friends , my Noble Friends here ,  
The deareſt loving Friends that ever Man  
with.

*Nici.* Oh might we have an happy opportunity  
Show how we love and honour you !

*Aelius.* That you wou'd once but uſe our helpe

*Isand.* We'd lay 'em out all in your ſervice.

*Pheax.* Yes , all our ſelves ; if you'd put us  
Tryal , then we were perfect.

*Tim.* I doubt it not , I know you'd ſerve me

## THE MAN-HATER. 37

I distrust my Friends ? I have often w<sup>i</sup>ght  
elf poorer that I might use you... We are  
to do good one to another : Friends,  
ss we use 'em, are like sweet Instruments hung  
cases : But oh, what a precious comfort  
o have so many like Brothers, commanding  
another's Fortunes ! Trust me, my joy brings  
water to my Eyes.

*reax.* Joy had the like conception in my Eyes.

*rem.* Ho, ho, ho... I laugh to think  
it conceiv'd a Bastard.

*m.* What dost thou laugh for ?

*rem.* To hear these smell-feasts lye and fawn so,  
only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy  
Partridge.

*e* Flies, who at one cloud of winter-showers  
ld drop from off you.

*eon.* Silence the Dog.

*reax.* Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.

*rem.* Of what vile Earth, of what mean dirt  
rd is kneaded !

*m.* The Man I think is honest, and his humour  
us not.

*rem.* I would my reason wou'd do thee good,  
*Timon.*

*el.* This is an odd snarling Fellow ; I like him.

*rem.* If I could without lying, I'd say the same  
here, ee.

*el.* Why ? Prethee what dost thou think of me ?

*m* He'll snarl at thee,

*el.* No matter,

*rem.* I think thou art a piece of white and red  
, the Picture of Vanity drawn to th' life ;  
thinking how handsome that Skull will be  
all the Flesh is off ; that face thou art

*oud of*, is a poor, vain, transitory thing,

38 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

And shortly will be good for nothing.

*Mel.* Out on him, scurvy poor Fellow.

*Tim.* No more of this, be not so sullen; I'll be  
to thee and better thy Condition.

*Apem.* No, I'll have nothing; should I be bribed  
there would be none left to rail at thee, and  
thou'dst sin the faster: *Timon*, thou givest so  
Thou'l shortly give thy self away.

*Tim.* I'll hear no more:

Let him have a Table by himself.

*Apem.* Let me have some Roots and Water,  
Such as Nature intended for our Meat and Drink  
Before Eating and Drinking grew an Art.

[ *The Meat is serv'd up with Kettle-Drums*

*Tru-*

*Tim.* Sit, Dear *Melissa*, this is your Feast:  
And all you see is yours:  
And all that you can wish for shall be so.  
Come, sit Lords, no Ceremony,  
That was devis'd at first to set a gloss  
On feigned deeds, and hollow hearted Welcom  
Recanting Goodnes, sorry e'er 'tis shown:  
True Friendship needs 'em not: you're more weay for  
To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me.

[ *Trust*

Will you not have some Meat, *Apemantus*? [ *Har-*  
*Apem.* I scorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; *Dog-*  
should ne'er flatter ye: Ye Gods, what a num'ry *Gao-*  
Men eat *Timon*! and yet he sees 'em not,  
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat  
In one Mans Bloud; and all the madnes is  
He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't;  
I wonder Men dare trust themselves with Men; *good*  
Methinks they should invite them without Knives.  
'Twere safer far. That Fellow that sits next him  
Now parts Bread with him, pledges his Breath

## THE MAN-HATER.

39.

lived Draught, may next day kill him.  
I'll be things have been. If I were a Huge Man  
I'd be afraid to drink at meals,  
brib' hey shou'd spy my Wind-Pipes dang'rous places.  
, and Men should drink with Harness on their Throats.  
est so n. Now my Lords, let *Melissas* health go round.  
ius. Let it flow this way...

[ *Kettle-Drums and Trumpets sound.*

em. How this pomp shows to a little Oyl and  
Roots?  
ater, healths will make thee and thy State look ill.  
Drink eaux. Peace, Villain.  
Drums em. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;  
Tru honest Water ne'er left man i' th' mire,  
east: and my Roots will still keep down  
wcy and presumptuous Flesh,  
t never shall get the better of me...

## Apemantus Grace.

Welcon  
n: mortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,  
ore wey for no Man but my self,  
o me. nt I may never be so fond  
[ Trust Man on his Oath or Bond;  
us? i Harlot for her weeping,  
lk me; Dog that seems a sleeping,  
num Gaoler with my freedom,  
my Friends if I shou'd need 'em.  
en, Amen, and so fall to't,  
is at Men sin, and I eat Root.

Men; good may't do thee, good Apemantus.  
Knives. Our Noble Lord Timons health, let it go  
ext him round,  
reath rums and Trumpets sound. [ *Kettle Drums, &c.*  
m. What madness is the pomp, the noise the  
splendor,

40 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

The frantick Glory of this foolish life !

We make our selves Fools , to disport our selves

And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes

Of Folly and of Madness , these fill up

The Scenes and empty spaces of our lives.

Life's nothing but a meer dull repetition ,

A vain fantastick dream , and there's an end on

*Tim.* Now my good Lords and Friends ,  
to you ,

You that are of the Council of four hundred ,  
In the behalfe of a dear Friend of mine.

*Nici.* One word of yours must govern all the  
council ,

And any thing in *Athens*.

*Tim.* I speak chiefly

To you my Lord and Father ; and to *Pheax*.

*Pheax.* My good Lord command me to m  
and I'll obey.

*Tim.* I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades*  
( Whose Enemies you have been , and whose  
I beg you will be now ) that he in private  
Will venture into *Athens* :

Not openly because he will not trust  
The Insolence of the tumultuous Rabble.

If he sollicites his recalment with you ,  
There lives not on this Earth a Man that has  
Deserv'd so well from the Nobility :

He has preserv'd *Athens* ev'n in his Exile ;  
By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from  
The Lacedemonian Rage , and other Foes  
That might have laid this City low in ashes.  
How many famous Battles has he won ?  
But which is more , by his advice and power ,  
Even in his absence he has wrested  
The Government from the insulting Vulgar ,  
Whose Wisdom's Blindnes , and whose Po  
Madness :

## THE MAN-HATER.

41

And plac'd it in your noble Hands ; methinks  
You in return should take off his hard Sentence  
Of Banishment , and render back all his Estate.

*Phæax.* Is there a thing on Earth you would command us

That we would disobey ?

*Nici.* I am absolutely yours in all Commands.

*Elius.* How proud am I that I can serve Lord  
*Timon!*

*Apem.* Think'st thou thy self thy Countries Friend  
now , *Timon* ?

His foul Riot and his inordinate Lust ,  
His wavering Passions , and his headlong Will ,  
His selfish Principles , his contempt of others ,  
His Mockery , his various Sports , his Wantonness ,  
The Rage and Madness of his Luxury  
Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake , as thy own  
Will soon make thine.

*Ifid.* Hang him we'l never mind him.

*Ifand.* When will he speak well of any Man ?

*Apem.* When I can find a Man that's better than  
A Beast , I will fall down and worship him ,

*Tim.* Thou art an *Athenian* , and I bear with thee.  
Is the Masque ready ?

*Poet.* 'Tis , my noble Lord.

*Apem.* What odd and childish folly Slaves find out  
To please and court all thy distemper'd Appetites !

They spend their flatteries to devour those Men

Upon whose Age they'll void it up agen

With poysonous spite and envy .

Who lives that's not deprav'd , or else depraves ?

Who die that bear not some spurns to their Graves  
Of their Friends giving ? I should fear that those

Who now are going to dance before me ,

Should one day stamp on me : it has been done .

*Tim.* Nay , if you rail at all Society ,  
I'll hear no more... be gone .

C 5

*Apem.*

42 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

*Apem.* Thou may'st be sure I will not stay to see  
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember  
Thou would'st not hear me, thou wilt curse thy self  
for't.

*Tim.* I do not think so... fare thee well.

[ *Exit. Apemantus.* ]

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord, there are some Ladies masqu'd  
desire admittance.

*Tim.* Have not my doors been always open to  
Ev'ry Athenian? They do me honour,  
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do  
My duty here, I would.

*Chloe.* I have not had the opportunity  
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter  
From *Alcibiades*.

*Mel.* Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how shall I love him,  
When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country?  
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,  
And I shall chuse him first of any Man;  
How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding.

*Enter Evandra with Ladies Masked.*

*Tim.* Ladies, you do my House and me great  
honour;  
I should be glad you would unmask, that I  
Might see to whom I owe the Obligation.

*I Lad.* We ask your Pardon, we are stoln out  
upon Curiosity; and dare not own it.

*Tim.* Your pleasure, Ladies, shall be mine.

*Evans.* Is this the fine gay thing so much admir'd;  
That's born to rob me of my happiness,  
And of my Life? her Face is not her own,  
Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so:

[ *Her* ]

# THE MAN-HATER.

43.

Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all ;  
There's nothing natural : She always acts  
And never shews her self; How blind is Love  
That cannot see this Vanity ! [ *Masque begins.* ]

Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the Chirping of Birds.

Nymph. *Hark how the Songsters of the Grove  
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.*

*Hark how each am'rous winged pair,  
With Loves great praises fills the Air,*

Chorus. *On ev'ry side the charming sound  
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.*

Ritornella.

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires  
Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires :  
While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,  
These pretty couples love and sing.*

Chorus. *But Winter puts out their desire,  
with Flutes. And half the year they want Loves fire.*

Ritornella.

Bull. *But ah how much are our delights more dear  
For only Humane Kind love all the year.*

Enter the *Manades* and *Ægipanes*.

Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deitie*

*A greater we adore,*

*Bacchus, who always keeps us free*

*From that blind childish power.*

*Love makes you languish and look pale,*

*And sneak, and sigh, and whine;*

*But over us no griefs prevail,*

*While we have lusty Wine.*

Chorus

Chorus  
with  
Hoy-Boy.

*Then hang the dull Wretch who has can  
in his soul,  
Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Law  
can controul,  
If within his right hand he can have  
full Bowl.*

Nymph. *Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Win  
Your swell'd faces with Pimples adorning  
Soak your Brains over night and your Sense  
resign,  
And forget all you did the next Morning.  
With dull aking Noddles live on in a mist,  
And never discover true Joy:  
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you coul  
not resist,  
The Empire he slighte he'd destroy.*

1 Bach. *Better our heads, than hearts should ake,  
His childish Empire we despise;  
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,  
And force a Lover to be wise.  
Better, &c.*

2 Bach. *Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,  
And takes the Teravour off from War:  
To Loves afflictions it gives ease,  
And to its Joy does best prepare.  
It sweetens, &c.*

Nymph. *'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,  
The end of Wealth and Power is Love;  
It makes the youthful Poets write,  
And does the Old to Youth improve.*

Bach.

Ritornella of Haut-boy  
*'Tis Wine that revels in their Veins,  
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,  
Provokes low Pens to lofty strains,  
And makes the young Loves Chains despose.*

Ritornella  
Nymph

# THE MAN-HATER.

45

Nymphs and Shepherds. *Love rules the World.*

Menades and Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Nymphs and Shepherds. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*

Menades and Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter Bacchus and Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,  
And we together rule Mankind.*

General *Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will  
join*

To sound the loud praises of Love and good  
*Wine.*

*Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes  
Wine go down;  
And by Love and good Drinking, all the  
World is our own.*

Tim. 'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd, and I'll reward you well : let us retire into my next Apartment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you, and where I will distribute some small Presents, to testifie my Love and Gratitude.

Phœax. A noble Lord !

Ælius. Bounty it self.

Tim. Thus, my *Melissa*, will we always spend  
Our time in Pleasures; but who e'er enjoys thee, has  
all this life affords sum'd up in that.

Evan. These words did once belong to me, but Oh!  
My stubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies I hope you'll honour me with your  
presence, and accept of a Collation.

1 Lady. We ask your pardon, and must leave you.

Tim. Demetrius, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd speak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleased, Madam, to retire with your  
Father,

46 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Father, I'll wait on you instantly.

[ To Meliss  
[ Exeunt all but Timon and Evandra.

Who are you, Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her last leave of yo

Tim. Evandra! What confusion am I in!

Evan. I am sorry in the midst of all your joys  
I should disturb you thus: I had a mind  
To see you once before I dy'd; I ne'er  
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear these killing words.

Evan. They'll be my last, and therefore give 'em  
room:

I am hastning to my death, then you'll be happy,  
I ne'er shall interrupt your joys again,  
Unless the Memory of me should make  
You drop some tears upon my dust. I know  
Your noble Nature will remember that  
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,  
And lov'd you so, that she cou'd die to make  
You happy.

Tim. Ah dear Evandra! that would make  
Me wretched far below all misery;  
I'd rather kill my self than hear that news:  
I call the Gods to witness, there's not one  
On Earth I more esteem.

Evan. Esteem! alas!

It is too weak a Cordial to preserve  
My fading Life, I see your Passion's grown  
Too headstrong for you. Oh, my dearest Timon!  
I, while I have any breath, must call you so;  
Had you but made one strugle for my sake,  
And striven against the raging fury of  
Your fatal Love, I should have dy'd contented.  
But Oh! false to your self, to all my hopes,  
And me, you suckt the subtle poysin in  
So greedily, you would not stay to taste it.

Tim. She moves me strongly; I have found from he

The

# THE MAN-HATER.

47

Melissa. The truest and the tenderest Love that e'er  
Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the disease  
T' admit a Cure : I will perswade no longer ;  
Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk no more of Death : I'll love you still :  
I can love two at once, trust me I can.

Evan. No, Timon, I will have you whole, or  
nothing :

I love you so, I cannot live to see  
That dear, that most ador'd Person in another's Arms :  
My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,  
And broken meat, that falls from your Melissa.  
No, dear false Man, you soon shall be at rest,  
came but to receive a parting Kiss :  
You'll not deny me that ?

Tim. I'll not part with you; we'll be Friends for  
ever.

Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,  
ince 'tis the last, I'll never see you more ;  
and may Melissa ever love you, as  
the Excellence of your Form deserves ; and may  
he please you longer than th' unfortunate  
vandra could.

Tim. Aside. Gods ! Why should I not love this  
Woman best ?

she has deserv'd beyond all measure from me ;  
she's beautiful, and good as Angels are ;  
it I have had her stock of Love already.

Timon. Oh most accursed Charm, that thus perverts me !

Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.

Evan. I'll have but one last look of that bewitching  
ce that ruin'd me. Oh, I could devour it with my  
yes ; but I'll remove it from thee. I ne'er shall die  
intended while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee satisfaction.

Evan. No, dearest Enemy, I'll remove the guilt  
From

The

[Offers to stab her]

*Tim.* Hold dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'st my life  
Preserve thy own; for here I swear, that minute  
When thou attemptst thy life, I will lose mine.  
Where's *Diphilus*?

*Enter Diphilus.*

*Diph.* Here my Lord.

*Tim.* Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a car  
Sh' attempts not any mischief on her self:  
She's agitated by a dang'rous Passion.  
My dear, let *Diphilus* wait on thee home:  
As soon as e'er my Company is gone,  
I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

*Evan.* No, no: I cannot hope... farewell for  
[Ex. Diph. and E]

*Tim.* I must resolve on something for her com  
For th' Empire of the Earth I wou'd not lose her;  
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her  
In Love, or Beauty...  
O miserable state of humane life!  
We flight all the injourments which we have;  
And those things only value which we have not.  
Where is *Demetrius*?

*Dem.* My Lord!

*Tim.* Where is the Casket which I spoke for?

*Dem.* It is here, my Lord; I beg your Lord you  
hear me speak.

I have busines that concerns you nearly...

*Tim.* Some other time; of late thou dost perplexed 'em  
Each moment with the hateful name of busines,  
That mortal Foe to pleasure; I'll not hear it.

[Exit Tim.]

*Dem.* So! all now is at an end!  
He does command us to provide great gifts.

all out of an empty Coffer.  
 promises fly so beyond his 'state,  
 what he speaks is all in Debt; He owes  
 every word; His Land is all engag'd,  
 Money gone; would I were gently turn'd  
 of my Office; lest he shou'd borrow all  
 ave gotten in his service. Well!

*Happier is he that has no Friend to feed,  
 Than such who do even Enemies exceed.*

[ Exit Demet.

### A C T   I I I.

#### for TIMON and DEMETRIUS.

*Timon.*

*Demetrius ! How comes it  
 That I have been thus encounter'd  
 th clamorous demands of broken Bonds,  
 i the unjust detention of Money long since due ?  
 new I was in debt, but did not think  
 e for ?d gone so far; wherefore before this time  
 ur Lord you not lay my 'state fully before me ?*

*Dem.* You would not hear me.

many times I brought in my Accounts,  
 st perpled 'em before you... you would throw 'em off,  
 usinefs, d say, you found 'em in my Honesty.

it. we beyond good manners, pray'd you often  
*Exit Timon.* hold your hand more close, and was rebuk'd for't.

*Tim.* You should have prest it further.

D

*Dem.*

50      TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

*Dem.* What e'er I durst I did, it was my intere  
For if my Lord be poor, what then must I be?  
Call me before the exactest Auditors,  
And let my life lie on the proof.  
O my good Lord, the World is but a Word,  
If it were yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone?

*Tim.* Have you no Money in the Treasury?

*Dem.* Not enough to supply the Riot of  
meals.

*Tim.* Let all my Land be sold.

*Dem.* 'Tis all engag'd;  
And some already's forfeited and gone,  
That which remains will scarce pay present dues;  
The future come apace.

*Tim.* To *Lacedamon* did my Land extend.

*Dem.* How many times have I retir'd and wept  
To think what it would come to.

*Tim.* Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt hon-

*Dem.* It grieves me to consider 'mongst  
Parasites

And trencher Friends your wealth has been divide  
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,  
When every word of theirs was greedily  
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd  
From Oracles. I never could be heard.

*Tim.* Come, preach no more, thou soon  
find that I

Have not misplac'd my Bounty; why dost weep?  
I am rich in Friends and can use all their wealth  
Freely as I can bid thee speak.

*Dem.* I doubt it.

*Tim.* You soon shall see how you mistake  
Fortune.

Now I shall try my Friends. Who waits there?

# THE MAN-HATER.

51

*Enter three Servants.*

Serv. My Lord !

z. Go you to *Phœax* and to *Cleon*,

z. *Isander* and *Ælius*,

z. *Isidore* and *Thrasillus*.

Send me to their loves , and let them know ,  
I'ld that my occasions make me use 'em  
Supply of Money. Let thy request  
y Talents , from each Man.

Serv. We will , my Lord.

z. Thou *Demetrius* , shalt go to the Senate ,  
whom , even to the States best health , I have de-  
this hearing. Petition them to send me 500.

z. I must obey. The next room's full of impor-  
Slaves and hungry Creditors , go not to 'em.

[ *Ex. Dem.* ]

What ! must my doors b' oppos'd against  
my passage ?

I been ever free , and those been open  
*Athenians* to go in and out

r own pleasure ? My Porter at my Gate  
kept Man out , but smil'd and did invite  
t past by it , in , and must he be  
oler , and my House my Prison ! no ,  
despair : my Friends will never fail me.

[ *Exit.* ]

*Scene is the Porch, or Cloister of the Sto*

*Apemantus speaking to the people and several S*

*Apem.* 'Mongst all the loathsome and ba  
ses of

Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious.  
Behold the poorest miserable Wretch  
Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all  
Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery,  
The fool will find out something to be proud o

*Aelius.* This is all railing.

*Apem.* When you deserve my precepts, *not f*  
have 'em,

Mean while, If I'll be honest, I must rail at *Men*

*Cleon.* Let's walk, hang him, hear him *thy b*

*Pheax.* Our Government is too remiss *the Ex*  
ing the Licence of Philosophers, Orato*rate*  
Poets.

*Apem.* Show me a mighty Lording who's *series*  
And swells with the opinion of his greatness; *the*  
He's an Ass. For why does he respect himself *ha*  
But to make others do it? wretched Ass! *and i*  
By the same means he seeks respect, he loses't *bea*  
Mean thing! does he not play the Fool, *and ius.*

And drink, and void his excrements and stinkmake  
Like other Men, and die and rot so too? *im. 1*

What then shou'd it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord *great*  
And that's a word some other Men cannot *not h*

Prefix before their names: what then? A wret*the w*  
That it was born to, and then it could not hel*imp*  
Or if 't was made a Lord, perhaps it was *these*

*an bu*

or,

## THE MAN-HATER.

53

lindness or partiality i' th' Government.

desert, he loses it in Pride;

ever's proud of his good deeds, performs  
n for himself; himself shou'd then reward

ut perhaps he's rich. 'Tis a million to one

e was Villany in the getting of that dirt;

he has the Nobility to have Knaves for his  
Ancestors.

ax. Hang thee thou snarling Rascal; the Go-  
nent's to blame in suffering thee to rail so

very, em. The Government's to blame in suffering  
proud oings I rail at. In suffering Judges without Beards,

w; Secretaries that can't write; Generals that  
pts, not fight; Ambassadors that can't speak fence;

-heads to be great Ministers, and lord it over  
rail at Men, suffering great Men to sell their Country

r him thy bribes; old limping Senators to sell their Souls

emiss i Extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent; and  
Oratoates to Pimp for their own Daughters. Ruine

phans, Treachery, Murther, Rapes, Incests,  
who's eries, and Unnatural sins, fill all your dwelling:

tness; the shame of Government, and not my railing.  
himself hardn'd foreheads, and fear'd hearts! 'Tis a

s! and infirm Government, that is so foward it  
e losest bear Mens words.

l, and ius. Well, babling, Philosophical Rascal, we  
nd stinmake you tremble one day. { Enter Timons

o? m. Never; { 3 Servants.

a Lord great Man! it is not in your power:

not not Man no more than I can love him.

? A woe biter for us that wild Beasts possest

not helmpire of the Earth, they'd use Men better,

yas these do one another. They'd ne'er prey

an but for necessity of Nature:

D 3

Man

## 54 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Man undoes Man in wantonness and sport :  
 Brutes are much honester than he ; my Dog  
 When he fawns on me is no Courtier ,  
 He is in earnest ; but a Man shall smile ,  
 And wish my throat cut.

*Cleon.* Money of me , say'st thou ?

*I Serv.* Yes ! he says he's proud he has occasion  
 make use of you.

*Cleon.* It's come to that ?

Unfortunate Man ! I have not half a Talent by  
 here are other Lords can do it. I honour him to Fear  
 that if he will , I'll sell my Land for him ; but  
 excuse me to him , I am in great haste at this time .

[Ex. Octice]

*I Serv.* 'Tis as I thought. How Monstrous ! even  
 deform'd a thing is base Ingratitude ! Here's a flat  
 My Lord ?

*Pheax.* Oh ! one of Lord Timon's Men ? Pheax  
 warrant you. Why this hits right. I Dream Aper  
 Silver Basin and Ewer to - night. How do  
 honourable , compleat , free-hearted Gentleman ! how  
 very bountiful good Lord ?

*I Serv.* Well in his health , my Lord.

*Pheax.* I am heartily glad : What hast thou  
 thy Cloak , honest youth ?

*I Serv.* An empty Box , which by my friend  
 Command ,

I come to entreat your Honour to supply  
 With fifty Talents he has instant need of.  
 He bids me say he does not doubt your Friends

*Pheax.* Hum ! not doubt it ! alas , good  
 He's a noble Gentleman ! had he not kept so  
 House , 'twould have been better : I've often  
 with him , and told him of it , and come as  
 Supper for that purpose to have him spend leisure  
 'twould not do : I am sorry for't : but good Laundry  
 art hopeful and of good parts.

## THE MAN-HATER. 55

1 Serv. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Phaax. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due. Thou now'st what's reason; and canst use thy time well, the time use thee well... 'Tis no time to lend Money: thou art wise, here's Money for thee... good Lad wink at me and say thou saw'st me not.

s occa 1 Serv. Is't possible the World should differ so, and we alive that liv'd in't?

2 Serv. What art thou sent to invite those Knaves ent by again

nour to Feast with thy Luxurious Lord?

but 1 Serv. No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for this time, and this Lord has given me this, to say, I did

[Expre] him.

Constro 2 Serv. Is't come to that already?

Here's a lavish Phaax, thou of the Nobility!

Let molten Coin be thy damnation.

en? 1 Phaax. Peace, Dog.

Dream 2 Serv. Thou worse! thou Trencher-fly, thou w do flatterer,

ntlemou hast Timons meat still in thy gluttonous paunch, and dost deny him Money. Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment when thou art poison?

ft thou 2 Serv. My Noble Lord.

Ifand. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my noblest y my friend?

2 Serv. May it please your honour, he has sent...

Hah... what has he sent? I am so much pleased to him, he's ever sending. How shall I thank friendshi Hah! what has he sent?

good 2 Serv. He has sent me to tell you he has occasion pt so your Friendship; he has instant need of fifty e often as...  
some a Ifand. Is that the busines? Hah! I know his ho- end leours but merry with me, he cannot want as many od Laundeds.

2 Serv. Yes, he wants fifty, but is assured of

56 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

your Honours Friendship.

*Ifand.* Thou art not sure in earnest ?

*2 Serv.* Upon my life I am.

*Ifand.* What an unfortunate Wretch am I ?

To disfurnish my self upon so good a time ,  
When I might have shewn how much I love  
And honour him : This is the greatest affliction  
E'er fell upon me : the Gods can witness for me  
I was just sending to my Lord my self.

I have no power to serve him , my heart bleeds  
I hope his honour will conceive the best.

Beast that I am , that the first good occasion  
Shou'd not be in my power to use ; I beg  
A thousand pardons... Tell him so...

*Apem.* Thou art an Excellent Summer Friend  
How often hast thou dipt i' th' dish with him ?  
He has been a Father to thee with his purse ,  
Supported thy Estate ; when e'er thou drink'st ,  
His Silver kisses thy base Lips , thou rid'st  
Upon his Horses , lyest on his Beds.

*Ifand.* Peace , or I'll knock thy brains out.

[ Ex.]

*2 Serv.* My Lord *Thrasillus...*

*Thra.* He's come to borrow , I must shun him  
I hope your Lord is well.

*2 Serv.* Yes , my Lord , and has sent me...

*Thra.* To invite me to Dinner. I am in great h  
But I'll wait on him if I can possible.

[ Ex.]

*Apem.* Good Fool , go home.

Dost think to find a grateful Man in *Athens* ?

*3 Serv.* If my Lords occasions did not press  
much , I would not urge it.

*Ælius.* Why would he send to me ? I am  
There's *Phæax* , *Cleon* , *Isidore* , *Thrasillus* ,  
*Ifander* , and many Men that owe their Fortun  
him.

*3 Serv.* They have been toucht and found  
Mettle.

## THE MAN-HATER. 57

*Ælius.* Have they deni'd him ; and must you come  
to me ? must I be his last refuge ? 'Tis a great slight,  
must I be last sought to ? He might have consider'd  
who I am.

*3 Serv.* I see he did not know you.

*Ælius.* I was the first that e'er receiv'd gift from him,  
And I will keep it for his honours sake ;  
But at present I cannot possibly supply him :  
Besides, my Father made me swear upon  
His Death, I never should lend any Money.  
I've kept the Oath ever since. Fare thee well.

[Ex. *Ælius.*]

*3 Serv.* They all fly us !

*Apem.* The Barbarous Herd of mankind shun one  
affliction, and turn him out as deer to one that's  
hunted. Go, go home to thy fond Lord, and bid  
him Curse himself that would not hear me : bid him  
live on root and water, and know himself; for he  
had better have shun'd Mankind than be deserted by  
them.

[Ex. *Omnès.*]

*Enter Melissa and Chloe.*

*Mel.* Who could have thought *Timon* so lost i' th'  
World ?

With what amazement will the news of this

So sudden alteration be receiv'd

By all Athenians ?

*Chloe.* Is it for certain true ?

*Mel.* Certain as Death or Fate ! my Father has  
allied me of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit  
gone, and all his ravenous Creditors with open Jaws  
will swallow him. 'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll stand  
upon my Guard.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Madam, a Gentleman below desires Ad-

tance.  
*Mel.* See *Chole*, if it be the Lord *Timon*, or  
one from him, say I am not well. I will not be se-  
Be sure I be not.

*Chlo.* I warrant you.

[*Ex. Ch*] *Mel.* Seen by a Bankrupt! no, base Poverty  
never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades* rec-  
he would adore me still, and wou'd be rich too.

*Enter Alcibiades in disguise, and Chloe.*

*Chlo.* It is a Gentleman in disguise, I know him

*Alcib.* But my *Melissa* does. [*Pulls of his Disguise*]

*Mel.* My *Alcibiades*! my Hero!  
The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,  
And have Crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt m  
welcome

To me than the return of the Suns heat  
Is to the frozen Region of the North,  
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darkn

*Alcib.* My Joy, my Life, my Blood, my So  
my Liberty,  
And all that's precious on the Earth, I have  
Within my Arms : This Treasure far outweighs  
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance  
From banishment or slavery.

*Mel.* How proud am I of all thy Victories!  
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I Triumph'd for the  
All day I sigh'd and wisht, and pray'd for thee,  
And in the Night thou entertain'dst my Sleeps;  
And whensoe'er I dreamt thou wert in danger,  
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams I w  
Valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

## THE MAN-HATER. 59

*Alcib.* Oh my Divine *Melissa*! the Cordial of thy love is of so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me: one kiss and take my Soul; another and 'twill fally out; Oh, I could fix whole Ages on thy tender Lip; and pity all the Fools that keep a senseless Pother in the World for pow'r, and Pomp, and Noise, and lose substantial bliss.

*Mel.* There is no bliss but love; and but for that the World would fall in Pieces! Oh with what a grief have I sustain'd thy absence! had not my Father prevented my Escape, I had come to thee.

*Alcib.* 'Twas well for *Athens*' safety that thou did'st not;

I had neglected all my Conquests, which Preserved this base ungrateful Town; for I In thee shou'd have all that I sought for; Thou Would'st have been life, Liberty, Country, and Estate to me.

*Mel.* I have the end of all my hopes and wishes, If the ungrateful Senate let me keep thee.

*Alcib.* 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes

They soon would call me home to thee.  
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,  
At every stroke the Memory of *Melissa*  
Gave Vigour to my Arm, and made me Conquer.

*Mel.* Oh, let Ambition never more disturb Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it.  
Let not the noise of Drums and Trumpets clangor,  
Clashing of Arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans  
Of bleeding Men, entice thee from me.

*Alcib.* The Senate shall not dare remove me from thee.

Should they once offer it, I've an Army will  
Toss their usurious bags about their Ears,  
Rifle their Houses, deflour their Wives and Daughters,  
And dash their brains out of their doating heads.

But,

But, dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long  
Have been united, let's not stay for Friends,  
For Ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;  
True love's above senseless formalities.

*Mel.* If any thing from you could anger me,  
This would; but know, none shall invade my ver-  
Without my Life: but on my Knees I vow  
No other Man, though Crown'd the Emperour  
Of all the World, should ever have my love:  
And though thy Country basely should desert thee, Oh Dem.  
I would continue firm.

*Alcib.* And here I swear,  
That could I Conquer all the Universe,  
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet  
For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear,  
An Oath more sacred far to me, than all  
Mock Deities which Knavish Priests invent,  
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

*Chloe.* Madam! Your Father is come in.

*Mel.* Let us retire: my Father has not yet forgo-  
ten his Enmity; the breaking of the Peace with May cate-  
Lacedæmonians, and his foil which he thinks y And so i-  
caus'd in Sicily, he'll not forgive. After di-

*Alcib.* Had he injur'd me beyond all sufferance, With ce-  
would have forgiven him for begetting thee. They fr-

[Exeunt Tim.

Enter Timon and Servant.

*Tim.* Is't possible? Deserted thus? What lan-  
professions did all these make but yesterday? Did th-  
all refuse to lend, say you? 'Tis wa-

*I Serv.* The rumour of your borrowing was too  
Disperst, and then at sight of one of us Demar-  
They wculd stop, start, turn short, pass by, or see You'll f-  
To overlook us, and avoided us,  
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;

And

## THE MAN-HATER. 61

And who suspected not, when they were mov'd,  
Came off with base excuses.

*Tim.* Ye Gods ! what will become of *Timon* ? I'll  
go to 'em my self, they will not have the face to use  
me so.

Ver

*Enter Demetrius.*

ee, Oh *Demetrius* ! what news bring'st thou from the  
Senate ?

*Dem.* I am return'd no richer than I went.

*Tim.* Just Gods ! it cannot be.

*Dem.* They answer in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at ebb, want Treasure, cannot  
Do what they would, are sorry; you are Honour-  
able;

But yet they could have wisht; they know not  
what;

Something has been amiss; a noble nature  
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity;  
And so intending other Serious matters,  
After distastful looks, and these hard fractions,  
With certain half caps and cold careless Nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*xem Tim.* The Gods reward their Villainy, old Men  
Have their ingratitude natural to 'em;  
Their Blood is cak'd and cold, it seldom flows;  
'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel;  
And Nature as it grows again toward Earth  
Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.

Heav'n keep my Wits ! or is't a Blessing to be mad ?  
*Demetrius*, follow me; I'll try 'em all my self.

*Dem.* The Senate is assembling again,  
You'll find 'em in the Senate-House. [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

And

62 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

*Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers, Re-enter Demetrius.*

*Dem.* How now, what makes this swarm  
Rascals here?

Each looking big, and with the visage of demand.

*1 Cred.* We wait for certain Sums of Money due.

*Dem.* If Money were as certain as your waiting,  
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds  
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?  
Then they would smile and cringe, and fawn upon him  
And swallow the interest down their greedy throats.

*Enter Timon and Servants.*

*Tim.* If *Melissa* be at home, tell her I'll wait ~~we a fudden~~  
her suddenly.

*1 Cred.* Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.

*2 Cred.* Here's mine.

*3 Cred.* And mine.

*4 Cred.* My Masters.

*Tim.* Hold, hold, my Wits. Knock me down,  
Cleave me to the waste. What would you have, ye  
*Haryps?*

*1 Cred.* We ask our due.

*Tim.* Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.

*4 Cred.* My Masters is thirty Talents.

*Tim.* Tell it out of my Blood.

*2 Cred.* Five thousand Crowns is mine.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours, and yours?

*3 Cred.* My Lord.

*1 Cred.* My Lord.

*Tim.* Here, take me, pull me in pieces will you  
The Gods consume, confound, and rot you all.

*1 Cred.* What a Devil, is he mad?

*2 Cred.*

# THE MAN-HATER.

63

Cred. Mercy on us, let us be gone.

Cred. Let's go, he'll murder some of us.

Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me.

Creditors, Dogs! preserve my Wits, you Gods.

Dem. My Lord, be patient; passion mends it not.

[ Lampridius crosses the stage and shuns Timon,

Tim. See Lampridius, whom I redeem'd out of

His Father dead since, and he rich;

& the Villain shuns me.

*Enter Phæax.*

my good Friend Phæax.

Phæax. Oh my Lord... I am glad to see your  
Lordship.

ait we a sudden occasion calls me hence,

vait on you instantly.

[ *Ex. Phæax.*

*Enter Cleon.*

ord.

Yeon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to see  
an serve your Lordship in the Command  
giv'd from you by your Servant. [ *Ex. Cleon.*

Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has  
wel at this moment on, which I presented him,  
three thousand Crowns.

You'll find 'em all like these.

There are not many sure so bad.

I hav'd these Men, and shewn 'em kindness,  
they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!

*Enter*

Enter Diphilus seeing Timon , muffles his Face  
turns away.

Look , is not that my Servant Diphilus , who  
marry'd to the Old Mans Daughter , and gave him  
Estate too ; and now he hides himself , and  
from me ? How much is a Dog more generous  
Man ; oblige him once , he'll keep you Company  
ev'n in your utmost want and misery .

Enter Aelius .

Who's that ? Aelius ? My Lord... Aelius ! Tim. Sir  
Demetrius , go let him know Timon would speak  
With him... [ Dem. goes to him , he turns  
Do you not know me , Aelius ?

Aelius. Not know my good Lord Timon !

Tim. Think you I have the Plague ?

Aelius. No , my Lord.

Tim. Why do you shun me then ?

Aelius. I shun you ? I'd serve your Lordship  
my life .

Tim. I'll not believe , he who would refuse  
Money , wou'd venture his life for me .

Aelius. I am very unfortunate not to have it has a vast  
Power to supply you ; but I am going to the Sun will  
to a Debtor , if I receive any , your Lordship shall de-  
command it .

Tim. Had I so lately all the Caps and Knives  
Athens ? And is't come to this ? Brains hold a

Enter Thrasillus .

Thras. Who's there ? Timon ?

Tim. There's another Villain .

# THE MAN-HATER.

65

*Enter Isander.*

How is't, *Isander* ?

*Isand.* Oh Heav'n ! *Timon* !

*Tim.* What, did I fright you ? Am I become so  
badful an Object ? is poverty contagious ?

*Isand.* Your Lordship ever shall be dear to me.

makes me weep to think I cou'd not serve you  
hen you sent your Servant. I am expected at the  
Senate.

umbly ask your pardon ; I'll sell all I have  
t I'll supply you soon. [ *Ex. Isander.*

*Tim.* Smooth Tongue, dissembling, weeping  
Knaves, farewell.

farewel all Mankind ! It shall be so... *Demetrius* !  
to all these fellows. Tell 'em I'm supply'd, I have no  
ed of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good  
formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal,  
d invite 'em all to Dinner.

*Dem.* My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

*Tim.* I have taken order about that.

*Dem.* What can this mean ? [ *Ex. Demetrius.*

*Tim.* I have one reserve can never fail me,  
l while *Melissa*'s kind I can't be miserable ;  
e it has a vast Fortune in her own disposal.  
e The Sun will sooner leaye his course  
d than she desert me.

*Ex.*  
*K.*  
*dal.*  
*Enter first Servant.*

*Melissa* at home ?

*Serv.* She is, my Lord ; but will not see you.

*Tim.* What does the Rascal say ?

*Runnin' n' Villain to belye her so ? [ *Strikes him.**

*Serv.* By Heav'n 'tis truth. She says she will not  
see you.

E

Her

## 66 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Her Woman told me first so. And when I would  
Believe her, she came and told me so her self;  
That she had no business with you; desir'd you  
not trouble her; she had affairs of Consequence

*Tim.* Now, *Timon*, thou art falm indeed;  
from all thy hopes of Happiness. Earth, ope  
swallow the Most miserable wretch that thou  
ever bear.

*Enter Melissa.*

*I Serv.* My Lord, *Melissa's* Passing by.

*Tim.* Oh Dear *Melissa*!

*Mel.* Is he here? What luck is this?

*Tim.* Will you not look on me? Not *sem*  
*Timon*?

And did not you send me word so?

*Enter Evandra.*

*Mel.* I was very busfy and am so now; I must  
my Father; I am going to him.

*Tim.* Was it not *Melissa* said; If *Timon* were  
to rags and misery, and she were Queen of  
Universe, she would not change her love?

*Mel.* We can't command our wills;  
Our fate must be obey'd. [E]

*Tim.* Some Mountain cover me, and let my  
My odious name be never heard of more.

O stragling Senses whither are you going?  
Farewel, and may we never meet again.

*Evandra!* how does the sight of her perplex me  
I've been ungrateful to her, why should I  
Blame Villains who are so to me?

*Evan.* Oh *Timon*! I have heard and felt a  
afflictions;

# THE MAN-HATER.

67

I never shou'd have seen thee more ;  
ever would , had'st thou continu'd prosperous.  
*Mellissa* basely fly from thee ,  
*Evandra* is not made of that course stuff.

*m.* Oh turn thy Eyes from an ungrateful Man !  
*vian.* No , since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*  
have been fixt upon thee present , and when  
at I've each moment view'd thee in my mind ,  
Shall they now remove ?

*m.* Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif ? Who  
such a load of misery beyond  
strength of humane nature to support ?

*vand.* I am no base Athenian Parasite ,  
y from thy Calamities ; I'll help to bear 'em.

*fern.* Oh my *Evandra* , they're not to be born.  
rsed *Athens* ! Forest of two-legg'd Beasts ;  
ue , Civil War , and Famine be thy Lot :  
ropagation cease , that none of thy  
ounding spurious wretched Brood may spring  
fect and damn succeeding Generations.  
every Infant like the Viper gnaw

lase through his Mothers cursed Womb ,  
kill the Hag ; or if they fail of it ,  
then the Mothers like fell rav'ous Bitches  
our their own base Whelps.

*vand.* *Timon* ! compose thy thoughts , I know  
thy wants ,

[ *E* my  
that thy Creditors like wild Beasts wait  
rey upon thee ; and base *Athens* has  
s Eternal Infamy deserted thee .

hy unwearied bounty to *Evandra*  
so enrich'd her , she in wealth can vie  
I any of th' extorting Senators ,  
comes to lay it at thy feet .

*m.* Thy most amazing generosity o'erwhelms me ;  
verme all o'er with shame and blushes .

A half oblig'd a wretch too much already ,

And I have us'd thee ill for't ; fly, fly, *Evand*  
 I have rage and madness, and I shall infect the *Phæa*  
 Earth ! take me to thy Center ; open quickly !  
 Oh that the World were all on fire !

*Evand.* O my dear Lord ! this sight will bring *Phæax.*  
 heart *Cleon.* O

Take comfort to you, let your Creditors *ir'd me h*  
 Swallow their maws full ; we have yet enough *Island.* T  
 Let us retire together and live free *his new f*  
 From all the smiles and frowns of humane kind *Elias.* I  
 I shall have all I wish for, having thee. *ne.*

*Tim.* My senses are not sound, I never can *sid.* I am  
 Deserve thee : I have us'd thee scurvily. *igs go.*

*Evand.* No, my dear *Timon*, thou hast no *tim* O  
 Comfort thy self, if thou hast been unkind, *w I rejo*  
 Forgive thy self, and I forgive thee for it. *heax. M*

*Tim.* I never will ; *r Lordsh*  
 Nor will I be obliged to one, *Elias. I*  
 I have treated so injuriously as her... *rtunate*

*Evan.* Pray, my Lord, go home ; strive *im. No*  
 pose your self. All that I have was and is *ve no n*  
 wish it ne'er had been, that yet I might have *th still.*  
 by stronger proofs how much I love my *Timon* *beax. T*

*Tim.* Most Excellent of all the whole Creati*se your*  
 Thou art too good that thou should'st e'er part *id half m*  
 Of my misfortunes... *d not st*

And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em. *now;*  
 Prithee, *Evandra*, go to thy own House, I *not wo*  
 to give my flatt'ring Rogues an Entertainme*Ta*  
 such a one as shall befit 'em ; and then I'll see *ser*

*Evand.* Heav'n ever bless my Dear. *tab*

[ *Ex. Timon and E*

# THE MAN-HATER. 69

Phæax, Cleon, Isander, Isidore, Thrasillus,  
Ælius.

Phæax. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.  
Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward  
told me his condition was near as good as ever.

Isander. That I doubt... but 'tis well at present  
his new feasting.

Ælius. I am sorry I was not furnish'd when he sent  
me.

Isidore. I am sick of that grief, now I see how all  
things go.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Timon. Oh! my kind Friends! how is it with you all?  
I rejoice to see you! Come, serve in Dinner.

Phæax. My noble Lord! never so well as when  
Lordship is so.

Ælius. I am sick with shame that I should be so  
fortunate a Beggar when you sent to me.

Timon. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal;  
we no need of any sums; my Estate is in good  
th still.

Phæax. Tryal, my good Lord? Would any one  
se your Lordship, were it in his power? Com-  
d half my Estate! I am sorry I was so in haft. I  
d not stay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills  
now; Pray use me... I hope he will not take  
my word. [ Aside.

Timon. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord that I  
serve you. Now my Lord command me...

Timon. beseech you do not think on't:  
love me, all of ye.

70      TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

*Pheax.* Equal with our selves, my dear Lord  
*Thrasil.* If you had sent but two hours before to  
*Cleon.* Now I have Money pray command it  
*Tim.* No more, for Heav'n's sake; think  
distrust

My kind good Friends! you are the best of Friends  
My Fortune ne'er shall drive me from you, and  
mine fail, which I hope it never will, I know in nothing  
command all yours.

*Pheax.* I shall think my self happy enough  
would but command my utmost Drachma.

*Aelius.* That were honour indeed; to serv

*Timon,*

I would with Life and Fortune.

*Isand.* Alas! who would not be proud of such a knot of

*Isid.* Not a Man in Athens.

*Cleon.* There's no foot of my Estate your best smiling  
may not call your own.

*Thrasil.* Nor mine, my noble Lord.

*Tim.* Thanks to my worthy Friends. Who  
kind, such hearty Friends as I have?

*Aelius.* All cover'd Dishes.

*Isand.* Royal cheer I warrant you.

*Pheax.* Doubt not of that; if money or  
The Season can afford it.

*Isid.* The same good Lord still.

*Tim.* Come, my worthy Friends, let's sit  
not a City Feast, to let the meat cool e'er we  
upon our Places.

T H E   G R A C E.

**Y**OU great Benefactors, make your selves  
your own gifts, base ungrateful Man will  
it of himself. Reserve still to give, lest your Da  
despis'd; were your Godheads to borrow of Men

# THE MAN-HATER. 71

ord  
e to  
d it  
ak  
rie  
ow  
ug  
ould for sake ye. Make the meat be lou'd more than the  
team that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without  
score of Villains. If there be twelve Women let a  
ren of 'em be W... as they are. Confound, I beseech  
' all, the Senators of Athens, together with the  
mon people : What is amiss make fit for destruction.  
r these my present Friends, as they are to me nothing,  
in nothing bleſ them, and to nothing are they wel-  
ne, but Toads and Snakes ; A Feast fit for such  
ugnacious Knaves.

Phæax. What does he mean ?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold.

A knot of mouth Friends, Vapours, Lukewarm  
Knaves ;

lst smiling, smooth detested Parasites,  
urteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,  
u Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,  
hop and Knee Slaves; an everlasting Leprosie  
ut you quite o'er; what, dost thou steal away !  
take thy Physick first, and thou and thou;  
y I will lend thee Money... borrow none.

Phæax. What means your Lordship ? I'll be gone,

Cleon. And I, he'll Murder us.

Ælius. This is raging madness; fly, fly.

[ They run off.

Tim. What all in motion ! henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a Villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn House, sink Athens, henceforth hated be  
Of Timon, Man and all humanity.

[ Ex. Timon.



## A C T I V.

T I M O N Solus.

*Timon.*

**L**et me look back upon thee! O thou Wall  
That girdlest in those Wolves! Sink in the  
And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den  
Of savage Beasts; ye Matrons all turn Whores;  
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools  
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench  
And minister in their stead. To general filths  
Convert o' th' instant green Virginity.  
Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold  
Rather than render back, out with your Knives  
And cut your Trusters Throats. Bound Servants o' your  
Large handed Robbers your grave Masters are,  
And pill by law. Maid to thy Masters Bed,  
Mistress to the Brothel. Son of twenty one, or mercy  
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire and none  
And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear, is for a  
Religion to the Gods; Peace, Justice, Truth, brave a  
Domestick awe, Night rest, and Neighbourhood  
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades, has steeped  
Degrees, Observances, Customs and Laws, Nicia. The  
Decline to your confounding contraries;  
And let confusion live. Plagues incident to Men  
Your potent and infectious Feavers heap  
On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold Sciatica  
Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their Manners. Lust and Liberty  
Creep in the Minds and Marrows of your Youth;

That against the stream of Virtue they may strive  
 And drown themselves in riot. Itches, Blains,  
 O'wll the *Athenians* Bosoms, and their Crop  
 The general Leprosie. Breath infect breath ;  
 That their Society, as their Friendship, may  
 Be merely Poison. Nothing, I bear from thee :  
 Farewel, thou most detested Town, and sudden  
 Quine swallow thee,

[Ex. Tim.

*Scene the Senate-House, all the Senate sitting...*  
*Alcibiades.*

*Nic.* How dare you, *Alcibiades*, well knowing  
 Our Sentence not recalled, venture hither ?

*Alcib.* You see, my reverend Lords, what confi-  
 dence

place in you, that durst expose my Person  
 Before my Sentence be recalled : I am not now  
 A petitioner for my self; I leave my case  
 Unto your good and generous Natures, when you shall  
 Think I've deserv'd your favour for my service.

I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,

Or mercy is the vertue of the Law,

And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.

It is for a Gallant Officer of mine;

Such a brave a Man as e'er drew Sword for *Athens*.

This *Thrasibus*, who in heat of blood,

Was stopt into the Law above his depth.

*Nic.* True, he has kill'd a Man.

*Alcib.* I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they  
 Refuse all mercy. He is a Man ( setting his Fault aside )  
 Of comely vertues; nor did he soil the fact with  
 Cowardice; but with a noble fury did revenge his  
 Wur'd reputation.

*Pheax.* You strive to make an ugly deed look fair.

*Nic.* As if you'd bring Man-slaughter into form,

74 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

And Valour did consist in quarrelling.

*Aelius.* That is a base and illegitimate Valour: *Nic.* pay, an  
He's truly Valiant that can wisely suffer. *Alcib.*

*Isand.* All single Combats are detestable,  
And Courage that's not warranted by Law,  
Is much too dangerous a Vice to go unpunished.

*Isid.* If Injuries be evil, Death is most ill;  
And then what folly is it for the less Ill  
To hazard life the chiefest good?

*Cleon.* There's no such Courage as in being  
wrong. *Nic.* In the la

*Alcib.* If there be such Valour in bearing, where  
Do we abroad? Women are then more Valiant than oft  
That stay at home. And the Afs a better Captain He has c  
Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that's  
Loaden with Irons, is wiser than the Judge. *Pheax.*

*Nic.* You cannot make gross sins look clean Concern  
Eloquence. *Nic.*

*Alcib.* Why do fond Men expose themselves His Days  
Battle, *Alcib.* And he m

And not endure all threats, and sleep upon 'em, *Alcib.*  
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats?

Come, my Lords come, be pittiful and good. And done

*Nic.* He that's more merciful than Law, is cru Consider

*Alcib.* The utmost law is downright Tyranny With his  
To kill I grant is the extreamest guilt, *Alcib.* And there  
But in defence of Honour. *Pheax.*

*Pheax.* Honour! is any Honour to be fought Cleon.  
But the Honour of our Country? *Alcib.*

*Alcib.* Who will not fight for's own, will never Isand.  
For that. Let him that has no anger judge him: Alcib.  
How many in their anger would commit  
This Captains fault... had they but Courage for it! Must sue

*Cleon.* You speak in vain. *Alcib.* And he de

*Alcib.* If you will not excuse his Crime, con Nic.  
who he is, and what he has done; his service at Our rot  
*demon* and *Byzantium*, are bribes sufficient for haneness  
Life. *Alcib.*

# THE MAN-HATER.

75

*Nic.* He did his duty, and was rewarded with his pay, and if he had not done it, he should be punisht.

*Alcib.* How, my Lords! is that all the return for Souldiers toils, fasting and watching; the many cruel hardships which they suffer; the multitude of Hazards, Blood, and loss of Limbs?

*Ifand.* Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

*Alcib.* He has slain in fight hundreds of Enemies.

How full of Valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

*Ifid.* H' have given too many.

*Aelius.* He is a known Rioter; he has a sin  
That often drowns him; in that Beastly fury  
He has committed outrages.

*Pheax.* Such as we shall not name, since others  
were

Concern'd in 'em, you know.

*Nic.* In short,  
His Days are foul, and Nights are dangerous;

And he must die.

*Alcib.* Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in  
Fight,

And done you service. If not for his deserts;  
Consider all my actions, Lords, and joyn 'em  
With his... your reverend Ages love security,  
And therefore shou'd cherish those that give it you.

*Pheax.* You are too bold... he dies. No more...

*Alcib.* Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?

*Cleon.* What says he?

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

*Ifand.* Consider well the place, and who we are?

*Alcib.* I cannot think but you have forgotten me.

Mus't sue for such common grace,

And be deny'd? My wounds ake at you!

*Nic.* Y' are insolent! we have not forgotten yet  
Our riot and destructive Vices, Whoredoms, pro-  
it for haneness, giddy-headed Passions.

*Pheax.*

*Phœax.* Your breaking *Mercurys* Statues ,  
mocking the Mysteries of sacred *Proserpine*.

*Alcib.* Insolent ! now you provoke me. I  
wext to see your malice vented in a place where ho  
Men would only think on publick Interest. 'Tis b  
and in another place you would not speak thus.

*Nici.* How say you !

*Alcib.* I thought the Images of *Mercury* had  
been the Favourites of the Rabble , and the Ritt  
*Proserpine* : These things are mockery to Men  
sence. What folly 'tis to Worship Statues, when yo  
kick the Rogues that made 'em !

*Phœax.* How dare you talk thus ? You have be  
Rebel ?

*Alcib.* Could any but the basest of Mankind  
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head  
That utters this against me ? My Rebellion !  
It was 'gainst the common People ; and you all  
Are Rebels against them.

*Nici.* Cease your Insolence ! we sided not  
Spartans.

*Alcib.* What means had I to humble th' *Ath*  
Rabble but that ?

*Phœax.* It was well done to get your Friend *Agis*  
his Wife with Child in his absence.

*Alcib.* He was a Blockhead , and I mended  
Breed for him...

But what is that to th' matter now in hand ?  
You have provok'd me , Lords , and I must tell  
It is by me you sit in safety here.

*Phœax.* By you , bold Man ?

*Alcib.* Yes by me ! fearful Man !  
You have incens'd me now beyond all patience ,  
I must tell you what ye owe me , Lords . 'Tw  
that kept great *Tissaphernes* from the *Spartans* aid , nia  
which *Athens* by this had been one heap of Rubbl  
I stopt a hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœn*

W

which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made  
this *Tissaphernes*, *Athens Friend*, upon condition  
that they would awe the common people, and take  
the Government into the best Mens hands: would  
you were so! I sent *Pisander* then to form his Aristocracy,  
and promis'd the *Persian General Forces* to  
assist you; and when you had this pow'r, you cast  
me off that got it you.

*Nic.* My Lords, let him be silenc'd;  
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

*Alcib.* I will be heard, and then your pleasure,  
Lords

Did not your Army in the Isle of *Samos*,  
Offended at your Government, chuse me General?  
And would have march't to your destruction,  
Which I diverted? In that time your Foes  
Would soon have won the Country of *Jonia*,  
Of th' *Hellespont*, and all the other Isles,  
While you had been employ'd at home  
With Civil Wars. I kept some back by force,  
By fair words others, in which *Thrasibus*,  
This Man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,  
Having the loudest voice of all the *Athenians*,  
Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;  
And thus we kept 'em from you Lords, and now  
*Athens* a second time was sav'd by me.

*Pheax.* 'Tis a shame that we should suffer this!

*Alcib.* 'Tis a shame these things are unrewarded.  
Another time I kept five hundred Sail of the *Phoenicians* from the Aid of the *Lacademonians*; won from  
Sea Battle, before the City of *Abidus*; In spight  
of *Marnabazus's* mighty Power. Think on my  
Victory at *Cizicum*, where I Slew *Mendorus* in the  
Field, and took the City: I brought then the *Bithynians* to your Yoke, won *Silibrae* on the *Hellepont*,  
and then *Byzantium*: Thus not only I diverted the  
Torrent of the Armies Fury from you, but turn'd it  
on

78 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

on the Enemies , and all the while you safely told your  
Money , and let it out upon extorted Interest : must  
be after all this poorly deny'd his Life , who has so  
often ventur'd it for you ?

*Phæax.* He dies , and you deserve it , but our  
Sentence

Is for your Insolence , we Banish you ;  
If you be two hours more within these Walls ,  
Your Head is forfeited. Do you all consent ?

*All Sen.* All , all !

*Alcib.* All , all ! I am glad I know you all !  
Banish me ! Banish your Dotage ! Your Extortion !  
Banish your foul Corruptions and self Ends !  
Oh the base Spirit of a Common-wealth !  
One Tyrant is much better than four hundred ;  
The worst of Kings would be ashame'd of this :  
I am only rich in my large hurts from you.  
Is this the Balsom the ill natur'd Senate  
Pours into Captains Wounds ? Ha ! Banishment !  
A good Man would not stay with you , I Embrace  
My Sentence : 'tis a Cause that's worthy of me.

[ Ex. Alc.]

*Nic.* Was ever... heard such daring Insolence ?  
Sall we break up the Senate ?

*All. Sen.* Ay , ay !

Timon , in the Woods digging .

*Tim.* O blessed breeding Sun , draw from the Fen  
the Bogs and muddy Marshes , and from corrupt  
standing Lakes , rotten humidity enough to infect the  
Air with dire consuming Pestilence , and let the  
poisonous exhalations fall down on th' Athenian .  
They're all Flatterers , and so is all Mankind . For  
every degree of Fortune's smooth'd and sooth'd by  
that below it ; the learn'd Pate ducks to the Golde  
Fool ; There's nothing level in our conditions ,

## THE MAN-HATER. 79

Villany ; therefore be abhorr'd each Man , and  
Society. Earth yield me Roots ; thou common  
Whore of Mankind , that put'st such odds amongst  
the rout of Nations ; I'll make thee do thy right offi-  
ce. Ha , what's here ? Gold ! yellow , glittering  
precious Gold ! enough to purchase my Estate again :  
Let me see further what a vast mass of Treasure's here !  
There ly , I will use none , 'twill bring me Flatterers.  
I'll send a Pattern on't to the *Athenians* ; and let 'em  
know what a vast Mass I've found , which I'll keep  
from 'em . I think I see a Passenger not far off , I'll  
send it by him to the Senate . [ *Ex. Timon.* ]

*Enter Evandra.*

*Evan.* How long shall I seek my unhappy Lord ?  
but I will find him or will lose my Life.  
Oh base and shameful Villany of Man ,  
amongst so many thousands he has oblig'd ,  
Nor one would follow him in his Afflictions !  
Lo ! here is a Spade ! sure this belongs to some one  
Who's not far off , I will enquire of him .

*Enter Timon.*

*Tim.* Who's there ?  
What beast art thou that com'st to trouble me ?  
*Evan.* Pray do not hurt me . I am come to seek  
The poor distressed *Timon* , did you see him ?  
*Tim.* If thou be'st born of wicked humane Race ,  
By com'st thou hither to disturb his Mind ?  
Is he forsworn all Company ?  
*Evan.* Is this my Lord , Oh dreadful Transfor-  
mation !  
My dearest Lord , do you not know me ?  
*Tim.* Thou walk'st upon two Legs , and hast a Face  
towards Heav'n ; and all such Animals

80      TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

I have abjur'd ; because they are not honest.  
Those Creatures that are so , walk on all four :  
Prithee be gone.

*Evand.* He's much distracted sure ?  
Have you forgotten then your poor *Evandra* ?  
*Tim.* No ! I remember there was such a one ,  
Whom I us'd ill ! Why dost thou follow misery ?  
And add to it ? Prithee be gone.

*Evan.* These cruel Words will break my heart  
I come ;  
Not to increase thy Misery but mend it.  
Ah my dear *Timon* ! Why this Slave-like habit ?  
And why this Spade ?

*Tim.* 'Tis to dig Roots , and earn my Dinner  
*Evan* I have converted part of my Estate  
To Money and to Jewels , and have brought 'em  
To lay 'em at thy feet , and the Remainder  
Thou soon shalt have.

*Tim.* I will not touch 'em ; no , I shall be flatt  
*Evan.* Comfort thy self and quit this savage life  
We have enough in spite of all the baseness  
Of the *Athenians* ; let not those Slaves  
Triumph o'er thy Afflictions ; we'll live free.

*Tim.* If thou dissad'ft me from this Life ,  
hat'ft me ;  
For all the Principalities on Earth ,  
I would not change this Spade ! Prithee be gone ,  
Thou tempt'ft me but in vain.

*Evan.* Be not so cruel.  
Nothing but Death shall ever take me from thee.

*Tim.* I'll never change my Life :  
What would'ft thou do with me ?

*Evan.* I'd live the same : Is there a time or place  
A Temper or Condition I would leave  
My *Timon* in ?

*Tim.* You must not stay with me ?  
*Evand.* Oh too unkind !

## THE MAN-HATER. 81

offer'd thee all my Prosperity...  
And thou most niggardly deniest me part  
Of thy Afflictions.

*Tim.* Ah soft *Evandra!* is not the bleak Air  
Too boisterous a Chamberlain for thee?  
Or dost thou think these reverend Trees that have  
Outliv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?  
And skip where thou appointest 'em? Will the Brook  
Curdled with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

*Evand.* Thou wilt be all to me.

*Tim.* I am savage as a Satyr, and my Temper  
Is much unsound, my Brain will be distracted.

*Evana.* Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.

*Tim.* It was a Comfort to me when I thought  
That thou wert prosperous; Thou art too good  
To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather,  
To mortifie thy self with Roots and Water,  
I will kill thee. Prithee be gone.

*Evana.* To Death if you command.

*Tim.* I have forsworn all humane Conversation.

*Evana.* And so have I but thine.

*Tim.* 'Twill then be misery indeed to see  
Thee bear it.

*Evana.* On my Knees I beg it.  
If thou refusest me, I'll kill my self.  
I swear by all the Gods.

*Tim.* Rise, my *Evandra!*  
Now pronounce to all the World, there is  
One Woman honest, if they ask me more  
I will not grant it. Come, my dear *Evandra*,  
I'll shew thee Wealth that I have found with digging,  
To purchase all my Land again, which I  
Will hide from all Mankind.

*Evana.* Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

*Tim.* Well said *Evandra!* Look, here is enough  
To make Black White, Foul Fair, Wrong Right;  
All Noble, Old Young, Cowards Valiant.

82      TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

Ye Gods, here is enough to lug your Priests  
And Servants from your Altars. This thing can  
Make the hoar'd Leprosie ador'd; place Thieves  
And give 'em Title, Knee and Approbation;  
This makes the toothless, warp'd and wither'd Wid  
Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten  
Such as the Spittle-House and ulcerous Creatures  
Would cast the Gorge at: this can defile  
The purest Bed, and make Divorce 'twixt Son  
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;  
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

*Evan.* Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it;  
There it will sleep, and do no hired Mischief.

*Tim.* Now Earth for a Root.

*Evan.* 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and  
all;

And of such vile corrupting Metal, as  
Man, her proud arrogant... Child is made of,  
Does engender black Toads, and Adders blue,  
The guilded Neut and Eye-less venom'd Wo  
with all

The loathsome Births the quickning Sun does shin

*Tim.* Yield him, who all thy humane Sons  
hate,

From out thy plenteous bosom some poor Roots;  
Sear up thy fertile Womb to all things else;  
Dry up thy Marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilth and Past  
Whereof ungrateful Man with liquorish draughts  
And unctuous morsels greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips.

But hold a while... I am faint and weary.  
My hands not us'd to toil, are gall'd.

*Evan.* Repose your self, my dearest love, th  
your head

Upon my lap, and when thou hast refresh't  
Thy self, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

*Enter Apemantus.*

*Tim.* More Plague! more Man! retire into my  
[Ex. Evan.  
place.

*Apem.* I was directed hither, Men report  
That thou affect'st my Manners, and dost use 'em.

*Tim.* 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a Dog  
Whom I would rather imitate.

*Apem.* This is in thee a Nature but affected,  
A poor unmanly Melancholy, sprung  
From change of Fortune. Why this Spade? This  
place?

This slave-like Habit, and these Looks of Care?  
The sordid Flatt'lers yet wear Silk, lie soft,  
Hug their diseas'd Perfumes, and have forgotten  
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,  
By putting on the Cunning of a Carper.

Be thou a Flatt'rer now and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy Knee,  
And let each great Mans Breath blow of thy Cap.  
Raise his most monstrous Deformities,  
And call his foulest Vices excellent.

If thou wert us'd thus,

*Tim.* Dost thou love to hear thy self prate?

*Apem.* No; but thou shou'dst hear me speak.

*Tim.* I hate thy Speech, and spit at thee.

*Apem.* Do not affuse my likeness to disgrace it.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd use the Copy  
The Original shou'd be us'd.

*Apem.* How shou'd it be us'd?

*Tim.* It should be hang'd.

*Apem.* Before thou wert a Mad-Man, now a Fool;  
Thou proud still? Call any of those Creatures  
These naked Natures live in all the spight of angry  
W'n, whose bare un-housed Trunks to the con-  
ning Elements expos'd, answ're meer Nature,

84     TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

bid 'em flatter thee , and thou shalt find...

*Tim.* An Ass of thee...

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did..

*Tim.* I hate thee worse...

*Apem.* Why so ?

*Tim.* Thou flatterest misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not , but say thou art a Wretch

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out ?

*Apem.* Perhaps to vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a Villains Office , or a Fools.

*Apem.* If thou dost put on this four life and hab  
To castigate thy Pride , 'twere well ; but thou  
Dost it inforc'dly ; wert thou not a Beggar ,  
Thoud'st be a Courtier again.

*Tim.* Slave thou ly'st , 'tis next thee the last thi  
Which I would be on Earth.

*Apem.* How much does willing Poverty excel  
Uncertain Pomp ! for this is filling still ,  
Never compleat ; that always at high wish ;  
But thou hast a contentless wretched Being ;  
Thou shoud'st desire to die being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his advice that is more miserable.

*Apem.* I am contented with my poverty.

*Tim.* Thou ly'st. Thou would'st not snarl  
thou wert

But 'tis a Burthen that is light to thee ,  
Because thou hast been always us'd to carry it.  
Thou art a thing whom Fortunes tender arms  
With favour never claspt , but bred a Dog.  
Hadst thou like me from thy first swath proceeded  
To all the sweet degrees , that this brief World  
Afforded me ; thou would'st have plung'd thy self  
In general Riot , melted down thy Youth  
In different Beds of Lusts , and never learn't  
The Icy Precepts of Morality ,  
But had'st pursu'd the alluring Game before thee.

*Apem.* Thou ly'st... I would have liv'd just as

## THE MAN-HATER. 85

*Tim.* Poor Slave ! thou dost not know thy self !  
Thou well canst bear what thou hast been bred to ; but  
For me who had the World as my Confectionary ,  
The Tongues , the Eyes , the Ears , the Hearts of  
all Men ,  
A duty more than I could frame Employments for ;  
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves  
Upon the Oak , they've with one Winters brush  
Falln from their boughs and left me open , bare  
To every storm that blows : for me to bear this  
Who never knew but better , is a great burthen.  
Thy Nature did commence in suff'rance ; Time  
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate  
Men ?

They never flatter'd thee : If thou wilt curse ,  
Curse then thy Father , who in spight , put stuff  
To some she-Beggar , and compounded thee ,  
A poor Hereditary Rogue.

*Apem.* Poor Ass !

The middle of humanity thou ne'er  
Didst know , but the extremity of both ends.  
When thou wert in thy Gilt and thy Perfumes ,  
Men mock'd thee for thy too much Curiosity ;  
Thou in thy Rags know'st none.

*Tim.* Be gone , thou tedious prating Fool.  
That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this  
One Root , thus would I eat it.

*Apem.* I'll mend thy Feast.

*Tim.* Mend my Condition , take thy self away.

*Apem.* What would'st thou have to *Athens* ?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

*Apem.* When I have nothing else to do I'll see thee  
again.

*Tim.* If there were nothing living but thy self ,  
Thou shou'dst not even then be welcome to me.  
I rather be a Beggars Dog than *Apemantus*.

*Apem.* Thou art a miserable Fool.

86 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon

*Apem.* Thou art too bad to Curse : no misery  
That I could wish thee but thou hast already.

*Tim.* Be gone , thou Issue of a Mangy Dog.  
I swoun to see thee.

*Apem.* Would thou would'st burst.

*Tim.* Away , thou tedious Rogue , or I will cle  
thy Skull.

*Apem.* Farewel , Beast.

*Tim.* Be gone , Toad.

*Apem.* The Athenians report thou hast found  
Mass of Treasure ; they'll find thee out : The pla  
of Company light on thee.

*Tim.* Slave ! Dog ! Viper ! out of my sight.

[ *Ex. Apem.* Le  
Choler will kill me if I see Mankind !

Come forth , *Evandra* ; Thou art kind and good.

*Enter Evandra.*

Canst thou eat Roots and drink at that fresh Spring  
Our Feasting's come to this.

*Evan.* Whate'er I eat  
Or drink with thee is feast enough to me ;  
Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be com  
I should be happy.

*Tim.* Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmu  
Brook ,  
And then repose a while.

*Enter Poet , Painter and Musician.*

*Poet.* As I took note o' the place , it cannot be  
off , where he abides.

*Mus.* Does the rumour hold for certain , that  
so full of Gold ?

## THE MAN-HATER. 87

Poet. 'Tis true, h' has found an infinite store of Gold.

He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate ;  
You will see him a Palm again in *Athens*,  
And flourish with the highest of 'em all.  
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distress,  
We tender all our services to him...

Faint. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Mus. If we shou'd not...

*Re-enter Timon and Evandra.*

Poet. We'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he,  
know by the description.

Mus. Let's hide our selves, and see how he will  
take it. [A Symphony.

Evan. Here's Musick in the Woods, whence  
comes it ?

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard  
that I have Gold; but that their disappointment will  
be greater, in taking pains for nought, I'd send 'em  
back...

Poet. Hail worthy Timon...

Mus. Our noble Master...

Tim. My most Excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest Men ?

Poet. Having so often tasted of your bounty  
and hearing you were retir'd, your Friends fain off,  
whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd,  
Come to do you service.

Mus. We are not of so base a mould; should we  
forget our noble Patron !

Tim. Most honest Men ! oh, how shall I requite  
you ?

Poet. You eat roots and drink cold water ?

Poet. Whate'er we can, we will to do you service.

*Tim.* Good Men! come you are honest, you  
heard

That I have Gold enough! speak truth, y' are ho-

*Poet.* So it is said, but therefore came not we,

*Mus.* Not we, my Lord.

*Paint.* We thought not of it.

*Tim.* You are Good Men, but have one Month  
fault,

*Poet.* I beseech your honour, what is it?

*Tim.* Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious Ke-

*Paint.* Who is that, my Lord?

*Tim.* Why, one another, and each trusts him  
Ye base Knaves, Tripartite! be gone! make ha-

Or I will use you so like Knaves. [ *He stoned*

*Poet.* Fly, fly ... [ *All run*

*Tim.* How sick am I of this false World?

I'll now prepare my Grave, to lie where the  
foam of the outragious Sea may wash my Corps.

*Evan.* My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of Dead  
My Life and thine together must determine.

*Tim.* There is no rest without it; Prithee leave  
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,  
Without thy *Timon*. There is Wealth enough.

*Evan.* I have no Wealth but thee, let us lie  
To rest; I am very faint and heavy... [ *They lie down*

Enter *Melissa* and *Chloe*.

*Mel.* Let the Chariot stay there,  
It is most certain he has found a Mass of money,  
And he has sent word to the Senate he's richer  
ever.

*Chlo.* Sure were he rich, he would appear again.

*Mel.* If he be, I doubt not but with my Love  
charm him back to *Athens*; 'twas my deserting  
that made him thus Melancholy.

## THE MAN-HATER. 89

*Chlo.* If he be not, you'll promise Love in vain.

*Mel.* If he be not, my Promise shall be vain;

For I'll be sure to break it: Thus you saw

When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,

I would not see him; I am always true

To Interest and my Self. There Lord *Timon* lies!

*Tim.* What Wretch art thou come to disturb me?

*Mel.* I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee,

I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,

To call thee back to *Athens*, and her arms

Who cannot live without thee.

*Evan.* It is *Melissa*! Prithee listen not  
To her destructive *Syrens* Voice,

*Tim.* Fear not.

*Mel.* Dost thou not know thy dear *Melissa*,  
To whom thou mad'st such Vows?

*Tim.* O yes! I know that piece of Vanity,  
That frail, that proud, inconstant foolish Thing.  
I do remember once upon a time,  
She swore eternal love to me; soon after  
She would not see me, shun'd me, slighted me.

*Mel.* Ah now I see thou never lov'dst me, *Timon*,  
That was a Tryal which I made of thee,  
To find if thou didst love me; if thou hadst  
Thou wouldest have born it: I lov'd thee then much  
more

Than all the World... but thou art false I see,  
And any little Change can drive thee from me,  
And thou wilt leave me miserable.

*Evan.* Mind not that Crocodiles Tears,  
She would betray thee.

*Mel.* Is there no Truth among Mankind?  
Had I so much Ingratitude, I had left  
Thy fallen Fortune, and ne'er seen thee more.  
Ah *Timon*! could'st thou have been kind, I could  
Rather have begg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd  
With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;

90 TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

But thou art lost, and hast forgotten all thy Oaths.

*Evan.* Why shou'd you strive to invade another's  
Right?

He's mine, for ever mine: These arms  
Shall keep him from thee.

*Mel.* Thine! poor mean Fool! has Marriage made  
him so?

No,... Thou art his Concubine, dishonest Thing;  
I would enjoy him honestly.

*Tim.* Peace, Screech Owl: There is much more  
Honesty

In this one Woman than in all thy Sex  
Blended together; our Hearts are one; and she  
Is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen of all  
The Universe, I would not change her for thee.

*Evan.* Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial  
Than all the World can give.

*Tim.* False! Proud! Affected! vain fantastick  
thing, be gone; I would not see thee unless I were a  
Basilisk: thou boast'st that thou art honest of thy  
Body, as if the Body made one honest: thou hast a  
vile corrupted filthy Mind...

*Mel.* I am no Whore, as she is.

*Tim.* Thou ly'st, she's none: But thou art one in  
thy Soul: be gone, or thou'l provoke me to do a  
thing unmanly, and beat thee hence.

*Mel.* Farewel, Beast... [Ex. Mel. and Chloe.

*Evan.* Let me kiss thy hand, my dearest Lord,  
If it were possible more dear than ever.

*Tim.* Let's now go seek some rest within thy Cave,  
If any we can have without the Grave. [Exeunt.

ACT

A C T V.

Enter TIMON and EVANDRA.

*Timon.*

NOW, after all the Follies of this Life,  
*Timon* has made his everlasting Mansion  
Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood ;  
Where every day the swelling Surge shall wash him.  
There he shall rest from all the Villanies,  
Betraying Smiles, or the oppressing Frowns  
Of proud and impotent Man.

*Evan.* Speak not of Death, I cannot lose thee yet ;  
Throw off this dire consuming Melancholy.  
Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'dst not have another  
wish but me. There is no state on Earth which I can  
envy while I have thee within these Arms... take Com-  
fort to thee, think not yet of Death... leave not *Evan-*  
*dra* yet.

*Tim.* Think'st thou in Death we shall not think,  
and know, and love, better than we can here ? O  
yes, *Evandra* ! There our Happiness will be without  
a Wish... I feel my long Sickness of Health and  
Living now begin to mend, and nothing will bring  
me all things : thou *Evandra*, art the thing alone on  
Earth, would make me wish to play my part upon  
the troublesome Stage, where Folly, Madness, False-  
hood, and Cruelty, are the only actions represented.

*Evan.* That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully  
Without one erring thought, the Gods can witness ;  
And as my Life was true, my Death shall be.  
If I one minute after thee survive,

The

92 TIMON OF ATHENS : or

The Scorn and Infamy of all my Sex  
Light on me , and may I live to be *Melissas Slave.*

*Tim.* Oh my ador'd *Evandra!*  
Thy Kindness covers me with Shame and Grief ,  
I have deserv'd so little from thee ;  
Were't not for thee I'd wish the World on Fire.

*Enter Nicias , Phæax , Isidore , Isander , Cleon ,  
Thrasillus , and Ælius.*

More Plagues yet !

*Nic.* How does the Worthy *Timon* ?  
It grieves our Hearts to see thy low Condition ,  
And we are come to mend it.

*Phæax.* We and the *Athenians* cannot live without  
thee.

Cast from thee this sad Grief , most Noble *Timon* ?  
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with  
Their Love , and do with one consenting Voice  
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

*Tim.* I thank 'em , and would send 'em back the  
Plague ,

Could I but catch it for 'em.

*Ælius.* The Gods forbid , they love thee most  
sincerely.

*Tim.* I will return 'em the same love they bear me.

*Nic.* Forget , most Noble *Timon* : they are sorry  
They should deny thee thy Request : they do  
Confess their Fault ; and the whole Publick Body ,  
Which seldom does recant , confesses it.

*Cleon.* And has sent us...

*Tim.* A very scurvey sample of that Body.

*Phæax.* O my good Lord ! we have ever lov'd you  
best of all Mankind.

*Thras.* And Equal with our selves.

*Isid.* Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee

*Isand.* We would stake our Lives for you.

*Phæax.*

# THE MAN-HATER.

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*Phæax.* We are all griev'd to think you should  
So mis-interpret our best Loves.

*Cleon.* Which shall continue ever firm to you.

*Tim.* Good Men, you much surprise me, even to  
Tears;

Lend me a Fools Heart and a Womans, Eyes,  
And I'll beweep these Comforts, worthy Lords.

*Nic.* We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.

*Phæax.* The Senate has reserv'd some special  
Dignities

Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray  
You will return, and be their Captain,  
Allow'd with absolute Command.

*Nic.* Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*  
With all his Force; and like a savage Bear  
Roots up his Countries Peace; we humbly beg  
Thy just Assitance.

*Phæax.* We all know thou art worthy,  
And hast oblig'd thy Country heretofore  
Beyond return.

*Aelius.* Therefore, good noble Lord...

*Tim.* I tell you, Lords,  
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-Men,  
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,  
That *Timon* cares not: But if he sack fair *Athens*,  
And take our goodly Aged Men by th' Beards,  
Giving up purest Virgins to the Stain  
Of beastly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,  
In Pity of the Aged and the Young,  
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not:  
And let him tak't at worst; for their Swords care not  
While you have Throats to answer. For my self  
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,  
But I do love and value more than the  
Most reverend Throat in *Athens*, tell'em so!  
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

*Phæax.* O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us

*Aelius.*

*Ælius.* Hang him ! there's no hopes of him.

*Nici.* He'll ne'er return ; he truly is *Misanthropos*.

*Phæax.* You have Gold, my Lord, will you not serve your Country with some of it ?

*Tim.* Oh my dear Country ! I do recant,  
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em  
If they will come all in one Body to me,  
And follow my Advice, they shall be welcome.

*Nici.* I am sure they will, my Noble Lord.

*Tim.* I will instruct 'em how to ease their Griefs ;  
Their fears of Hostile Strokes, their Aches, Losses,  
Their covetous Pangs, with other incident Throes,  
That Natures fragil Vessel must sustain  
In Lifes uncertain Voyage.

*Phæax.* How, my good Lord ? This kind Care is  
Noble.

*Tim.* Why even thus...

I will point out the most convenient Trees  
In all this Wood, to hang themselves upon.  
And so farewell, ye Covetous, Fawning Slaves ;  
Be gone let me not see the Face of Man more,  
I had rather see a Tiger fasting...

*Nici.* He's lost to all our Purposes.

*Phæax.* Let's send a Party out of *Athens* to him  
To force him to confess his Treasure ;  
And put him to the Torture if he will not.

*Nici.* It will do well, let's away.

[Drums.]

*Ælius.* What Drums are those ?

*Phæax.* They must belong to *Alcibiades* !  
To Horse and fly, least we chance to be taken.

[Exeunt.]

*Tim.* Go fly, *Evandra*, to my Cave, or thou  
May'st suffer by the Rage of lustful Villains.

[Enter]

*Enter Alcibiades with Phryne and Thais, two Whores.*

*Alcib.* Command a Halt, and send a Messenger  
To summon *Athens* from me!

What art thou there? Speak.

*Tim.* A two-legg'd Beast as thou art, Cankers  
gnaw thee  
For shewing me the Face of Man again.

*Alcib.* Is Man so hateful to thee? What art thou?

*Tim.* I am *Misanthropos*! I hate Mankind:  
And for thy part, I wish thou wer't a Dog,  
That I might love thee something.  
But now I think on't, thou art going  
Against yon Cursed Town: go on!  
It is a worthy cause.

*Alcib.* Oh *Timon*! now I know thee; I am sorry  
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time  
Will give me occasion to redress 'em.

*Tim.* I will not alter my condition  
For all you e'er shall Conquer; no, go on,  
Paint with Mans blood the Earth; die it well.  
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,  
What then must War be?

*Alcib.* How came the noble *Timon* by this change?

*Tim.* As the Moon does by wanting light to give,  
And then renew I could not like the Moon,  
There were no Suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* What Friendship shall I do thee?

*Tim.* Why, promise me Friendship and perform  
none;

If thou wilt not promise, thou art no Man:  
And if thou dost perform, thou art none neither.

*Alcib.* I am griev'd to see thy misery.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st it when I was rich.

*Alcib.* Then was a happy time.

*Tim.*

96 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

*Tim.* As thine is now , abus'd by a brace of Harlots,  
What , dost thou fight with Women by thy side ?

*Alcib.* No , but after all the toils and hazards of  
the day with Men , I refresh my self at night with  
Women.

*Tim.* These false Whores of thine have more  
Destruction in 'em , than thy Sword.

*Phry.* Thou art a Villain to say so...

*Thais.* Is this he , that was the *Athenians* Minion?  
A snarling Rascal.

*Tim.* Be Whores still ; they love you not that use  
you !

Employ all your salt hours to ruine Youth ,  
Soften their manners into a Lethargy  
Of Sense and Action.

*Phry.* Hang thee , Monster ; we are not Whores  
We are Mistresses to *Alcibiades*.

*Tim.* The right name is Whore , do not miscal it  
Ye have been so to many.

*Thais.* Out , on you Dog.

*Alcib.* Pray pardon him  
His wits are lost in his Calamities ;  
I have but little Gold , but here's some for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it , I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* Wilt thou go 'gainst *Athens* with me ?

*Tim.* If ye were Beasts , I'd go with ye : But I  
not herd with Men. Yet I love thee better than all  
Men , because thou wert born to ruine thy base  
Country.

*Alcib.* I've sent to Summon *Athens* ; if she obeys  
not

I'll lay her on a heap.

*Tim.* It were a glorious Act ; go on , go on !  
Here's Gold for thee ; stay I'll go fetch thee more.

*Alcib.* What Mystery is this ? where shou'd he have  
this.

*Tim.* Here's more Gold and Jewels ! go on ,

# THE MAN-HATER.

97

Be a devouring Plague ; let not  
Thy Sword skip one , spare thou no Sex or Age :  
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard ,  
He's an Usurer : strike the counterfeit Matron ,  
It is her habit only that is honest ,  
Her self's a Bawd : Let not the Virgins Cheek  
Make soft thy Sword , nor Milk-Paps giving Suck :  
Spare not the tender Babe whose dimpled Smiles ,  
From Fools exhaust their Mercy ; think 'twill be  
A Rogue or Whore e'er long if thou should'st spare it .  
Put Armour on thy Eyes and Ears , whose Proof ,  
Nor Yells of Mothers , Maids , nor crying Babes ,  
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding ,  
Shall pierce one jot .

*Phry.* Hast thou more Gold , good *Timon* ? Give  
us some .

*Thais.* What pity 'tis he should be thus melancholy !  
He is a fine Person now .

*Tim.* Oh flattering Whores ! but that I am sur~~e~~  
you will

Do store of Mischief , I'd not give you any :  
Here ! be sure you be Whores still ;  
And who with pious breath seeks to convert ye ,  
Be strong in Whore , allure and burn him up .  
Thatch your thin Skulls with Burthens from the Dead ,  
Some that were hang'd , no matter ,  
Wear them , betray with them , Whore still ;  
Paint till a Horse may mire upon your Faces ...  
A Pox on Wrinkles , I say .

*Thais.* Well , more Gold , say what thou wilt .

*Tim.* Sow your Consumptions in the Bones of Men ;  
Dry up their Marrows , pain their Shins and Shoulders ;  
Crack the Lawyers Voice , that he  
May never bawl , and plead false Title more .  
Entice the lustful and dissembling Priests ,  
That scold against the quality of Flesh ,  
And not believe themselves . I am not well .

G

Here's

98 TIMON OF ATHENS : or,

Here's more , ye proud , lascivious , rampant Whores,  
Do you damn others , and let this damn you ;  
And Ditches be your Death-Beds and your Graves.

*Phry.* More Counsel , and more Money , bounteous  
*Timon.*

*Tim.* More Whore ! more Mischief first ,  
I've given you Earnest .

*Alcib.* We but disturb him ! farewell :  
If I thrive well , I will visit thee again .

*Tim.* If I thrive well , I ne'er shall see thee more :  
I feel Deaths happy stroak upon me now ,  
He has laid his icy hands upon me at length ;  
He will not let me go again , Farewel .

Confound Athens , and then thy self . [ Ex. Timon .

*Alcib.* Now march , Sound Trumpets and beat  
Drums ,  
And let the Terrour of the noise invade  
The ungrateful , Cowardly , usurrious Senate .

[ Exeunt .

Enter Nicias , Ælius , Cleon , Thrasillus , Isidore ,  
Isander , upon the works of Athens .

*Nici.* What shall we do to appease his Rage ?  
He has an Army able to devour us .

*Phæax.* We must e'en humbly bow our necks ,  
That he may tread on 'em .

*Ælius.* He is a Man of easie nature , soon won by  
soothings .

*Nici.* I tremble lest he should revenge our sentence .

*Isid.* If we should resist , he'll level Athens .

*Isand.* And then wo to our selves ,  
Our Wives and Daughters .

*Nici.* What will become of you and me Phæax .  
We have been Enemies to him long . I tremble for it .

*Phæax.* Let us appear most forward in delivering  
up the Town to him .

*Nici.*

# THE MAN-HATER.

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*Nici.* If we resist he'll use a Conquerours Power ,  
And nothing then will scape the fury of  
The Headstrong Soldiers , we must all submit.  
See , he approaches . These Drums and Trumpets  
Strike Terrour into me ! Heav'n , help all.

{ Enter Herald.

*Enter Alcibiades , and his Army.*

*Alcib.* What answer make they to my Summons ?

*Herald.* They are on the works to treat with you.

*Alcib.* There's a white Flag ! let us approach 'em.  
Hoa ! you on the works ! give me and my Army  
entrance ,

Or I'll let loose the fury of my Soldiers ,  
And make you all a prey to spoil and rapine ;  
And such a flame I'll light about your Ears ,  
Shall make *Greece* tremble.

*Nic.* My noble Lord ! we mean nothing less.

*Pheax.* Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.

*Nici.* We've been ungrateful , and are much  
asham'd on't ,  
Your Lordship shall tread upon our Necks if you think  
good ;

We cannot but condemn our selves ;  
But we appeal to your known Mercy and  
Your Generosity.

*Pheax.* March , Noble Lord , into our City  
With all the Banners spread ; we are thy Slaves.

*Aelius.* Your Footstools.

*Ifid.* What ever you will make us.

*Thrasil.* Enter our City , Noble *Alcibindes* :  
Put leave your Rage behind you.

*Isan.* Set but your Foot against our Gates , and they  
Shall open... so you will enter like a Friend.

*Alcib.* Open the Gates without Capitulations :  
For if I set my Battering Rams to work ,

G 2

You

100      TIMON OF ATHENS: or,

You must expect no Mercy.

Nici. We will, my good Lord...

[ They all come down, Nic. presents Alcibiades  
the Keys upon his Knees.

Our Lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands ;  
But we fly to thy Mercy for Protection.

Alcib. You merit as much Mercy as you shov'd  
To *Thrasibus* ; such monstrous Ingratitude  
Will make your Villainous Names grow Odious  
To all the Race of Men , but to your selves  
To whom Vertue is so.

Pheax. 'Twas the whole Senats Voice.

Alcib. A Senate , a Den of Thieves ! I little thought  
When I wrested the Power from the Rabble,  
To give it you , you would be worse than they ;  
But most of you deserve the Ostracism :

Some of you are such Rogues you'd shame the Gibbet

Nic. Good my Lord, tread on our Necks, but pardon us

Pheax. We'll be your slaves if you'll forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thrasibus* when he's dead ?  
Must we be us'd thus after our frequent Hazards ,  
Our toils , hard weary Marching ! Watching ! Fasting !  
Such dreadful Hardships , lying out such Nights ,  
A Beast could not abide without a Covert ,  
And all for Purfy-Lazy-Knaves , that snort  
In Peace at home , and wallow in their Bags ?  
Must we the Bulwarks of our Country be  
Thus us'd ?

Pheax. Cease to reproach us , my good Lord.

Aelius. We are full of Shame and Guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us , good *Alcibiades*.

Thras. We heartily repent.

Ifid. We'll kiss thy Feet , good Lord.

Isand. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You six of the foremost here must meet me  
In the *Avv\x*, where I'll order the *\pi\pi\tauav\es*  
To assemble all the People...

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# THE MAN-HATER.

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And on your Knees Present your selves  
With Halters 'bout your Necks !

*Phax.* Oh my good Lord !

*Alcib.* Dispute it not , for by the Gods if you  
Fail in this Point , I'll hang ye all ,  
Rifle your Houses , and extirpate all  
Your Race... March on .  
Give order that not a Man shall break his Ranks ,  
Or shall offend the regular Course of Justice ,  
On Penalty of Death... March on... [ *Ex. Omnes.* ]

*Enter Timon and Evandra coming out of the Cave.*

*Evand.* Oh my dear Lord ! why do you stoop and  
bend like Flowers o'ercharg'd with Dew , whose  
yielding Stalks cannot support 'em ? I have a Cordial  
which will much revive thy Spirits .

*Tim.* No , sweet *Evandra* ,  
I have taken the best Cordial , Death , which now  
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals ;  
I feel him , he comforts me at Heart .

*Evan.* Oh my dear *Timon* ! must we then part ?  
That I should live to see this fatal Day !  
Had Death but seiz'd me first , I had been happy .

*Tim.* My poor *Evandra* ! lead me to my Grave !  
Lest Death o'ertake me... he pursues me hard :  
He's close upon me . 'Tis the last Office thou  
Canst do for *Timon* .

*Evan.* Hard , stubborn Heart ,  
Wilt thou not break yet ? Death , why art thou coy  
To me that courts thee ?

*Tim.* Lay me gently down  
In my last Tenement . Death's the truest Friend ;  
That will not flatter , but deals plainly with us .  
So now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth  
Is almost finisht ! Now , my best *Evandra* ,  
Charge thee , by our Loves , our mutual Loves ,

Live, and live happy after me : and if  
 A Thought of *Timon* comes into thy Mind,  
 And brings a Tear from thee, let some diversion  
 Banish it... quickly, strive to forget me.

*Evan.* Oh *Timon!* Think'st thou I am such a Coward  
 I will not keep my word ? Death shall not part us.

*Tim.* If thou'l not promise me to live, I cannot  
 Resign my Life in Peace, I will be with thee,  
 After my Death ; my Soul shall follow thee,  
 And hover still about thee, and guard thee from all  
 harm.

*Evan.* Life is the greatest harm, when thou art dead.

*Tim.* Can'st thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd  
 Thee in his sad Calamities ?

*Evan.* It is a Blessing to share any thing with thee !  
 Oh thou look'st pale ! thy Countenance changes !  
 Oh whither art thou going ?

*Tim.* To my last home. I charge thee live, *Evandra* ;  
 Thou lov'st me not, if thou will not obey me ;  
 Thou only Dear, Kind, Constant Thing on Earth,  
 Farewel. [ Dies.

*Evand.* He's gone ! he's gone ! would all the  
 World were so. I must make haste, or I shall not  
 o'ertake him in his Flight. *Timon*, I come, stay for me,  
 Farewel, base World. [ Stabs her self. Dies.

Enter Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Thais, his Officers  
 and Souldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The  
 People by degrees assembling.

Enter Melissa.

*Mel.* My *Alcibiades*, welcome ! doubly welcome !  
 The Joys of Love and Conquest ever bless thee.  
 Wonder and Terrour of Mankind, and Joy  
 Of Woman-kind : now thy *Melissa*'s happy :  
 She has liv'd to see the utmost day she wisht for ;

Her

## THE MAN-HATER.

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Her *Alcibiades* return with Conquest,  
O'er this ungrateful City ; and but that  
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,  
I had been with thee long e'er this.

*Alcib.* What Gay, Vain Prating Thing is this ?

*Mel.* How, my Lord do you question who *Melissa* is ?  
And give her such foul Titles ?

*Alcib.* I know *Melissa*, and therefore give her such  
Titles :

For when the Senate banisht me ;  
She would not see me, tho' upon her Knees  
Before she had sworn Eternal Love to me ;  
I see thy Snares too plain, to be caught now.

*Mel.* I ne'er refus'd to see you, Heav'n can witness !  
Who ever told you so, betray'd me basely :  
Not see you ! sure there's not a Sight on Earth  
I'd chuse before you : You make me astonish'd !

*Alcib.* All this you swore to *Timon*; and next day  
Despis'd him... I have been inform'd  
Of all your Falsehood, and I hate thee for't ;  
I have Whores, good honest faithful Whores !  
Good Antidotes against thy Poison... Love ;  
Thy base false Love ; and tell me, is not one  
Kind, faithful, loving Whore, much better than  
A thousand base, Ill-natur'd honest Women ?

*Mel.* I never thought I should have liv'd to hear  
This from my *Alcibiades*.

*Alcib.* Do not weep,  
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee :  
I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well,  
I will prefer you to him.

*Mel.* How have I merited this Scorn... Farewel,  
I'll never see you more. [Exit.

*Alcib.* I hope you will not.

Enter Soldiers with drawn Swords, halting in Apemantus  
How now ! what means this Violence ?

*I Sold.* My Lord, this snarling Villainous Philosopher  
With open mouth rail'd at the Army;  
He said the General was a Villain: shall we cut his  
Throat?

*Alcib.* No! touch him not! unhand him!  
Why, *Apemantus*, didst thou call me Villain?

*Apem.* I always speak my Thoughts: not all  
The Swords o' th' Army bent against my Throat:  
Can fright me from the Truth...

*Alcib.* Why dost thou think I am one?

*Apem.* 'Tis true, that this base Town deserves thy  
Scourge,

And all the Terrore and the Punishment,  
Thou can't inflict upon it: the Deed is good,  
But yet thou dost it ill; private Revenge,  
Base Passion, headstrong Lust, incite thee to it;  
Had they not bannish'd thee, thou wouldst have  
suffer'd

Wrong still to prosper, and th' insulting Tyrants  
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their Oppression,  
And wouldst have join'd in them.

*Alcib.* Thou rail'st too much for a Philosopher.

*Apem.* Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor  
love thee,

All thy good Parts thou drown'st in Vice and Riot,  
In Passion and Vain-glory: how proud art thou  
Of all thy Conquests... when a poor Rabble  
Of Idle Rogues who else had been in Jayls,  
Perform'd 'em for thee; How false is Soldiers Honour!  
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the Face of day  
With daring Impudence Men go to Murther Mankind..  
But in the greatest Actions of their Lives  
The getting Men, they sneak and hide themselves  
I' th' dark. I scorn your Folly and your Madness.

*Alcib.* Thou art a snarling Cur.

*I Sold.* Shall I run him through?

*Alcib.* Hold.

*Apem.*

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*Apem.* I fear thee not.

*Alcib.* My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee,  
And for his sake I spare thee.

*Apem.* How much did *Socrates* lose his Pains in thee!  
Hadst thou observ'd his Principles thou'dst been honest

*Enter Nicias, Thrasillus, Phæax, Isidore, Isander,  
Ælius, and Cleon, with Halters about their Necks.*

*Nici.* We come, my Noble Lord, at thy Command,  
And thus we humbly kneel before thy Mercy.

*Phæax.* Spare our Lives, and we'll employ 'em  
In thy Service, worthy *Alcibiades*.

*Alcib.* Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful  
Knaves?

*All.* We do.

*Alcib.* And that you have used me basely?

*All.* We have, but we are very sorry.

*Alcib.* I should do well to hang you for the Death  
Of my brave Officer; but thousand such base Lives  
As yours would not weigh with his. Go, ye have  
Your Liberty. And now the People are assembled,  
I will declare my Intentions towards them.

[ *He ascends the Pulpit.*

My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid  
You for the unjust Sentence past upon me;  
In the Return of which I have subdu'd  
Your Enemies and all revolted Places,  
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,  
And with continual Toil, and numberless Dangers  
Stretcht out the Bounds of your Dominions far  
Above your Hopes or Expectations.  
I will not recount the many Enterprises,  
No Grecian can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough  
You know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains  
I farther shou'd declare my self. I come  
First to free you, good Citizens of *Athens*,

From

From the most Insupportable Yokes  
 Of your four hundred Tyrants ; and then next  
 To claim my own Estate , which has unjustly  
 By them been kept from me that rais'd them.  
 I do confess , I , in Revenge of your Decree  
 Against me , set up them , but never thought  
 They would have been such cursed Tyrants to you ;  
 Till now , they have gone on and fill'd the time  
 With most licentious Acts ; making their Wills ,  
 Their base corrupted Wills , the Scope of Justice ,  
 While you in vain groan'd under all your Suff'rings.  
 Thus when a few shall Lord it o'er the rest ,  
 They govern for themselves and not the People :  
 They rob and pill from them , from thence t' increase  
 Their private Stores ; but when the Government is in  
 the Body of the People , they will do themselves no  
 harm ; Therefore henceforth I do pronounce the  
 Government shall devolve upon the People , and may  
 Heav'n prosper 'em.

[ *People shout and cry , Alcibiades ! Alcibiades ! Long live Alcib. , Liberty , Liberty , &c.* [ *Alcib. descends.*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Noble Lord , I went as you commanded ,  
 And found Lord *Timon* dead , and his *Evandra*  
 Stab'd , and just by him lying in his Tomb ,  
 On which was this Inscription.

*Alcib.* I'll read it.

*Here lies a wretched Corpse , of wretched Soul bereft ,  
 Timon my Name , a Plague Consume you Caitiff's left.*

Poor *Timon* ! I once knew thee the most flourishing  
 Man  
 Of all th' *Athenians* , and thou still had'st been so ,  
 Had not these smiling , flattering Knayes devour'd thee ,  
 And

## THE MAN-HATER.

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nd Murder'd thee with base Ingratitude.  
is Death pull'd on the poor *Evandras* too ;  
hat Miracle of Constancy in Love.  
ow all repair to their respective Homes,  
heir several Trades, their Business and Diversions ;  
nd whilst I guard you from your active Foes,  
nd fight your Battles, be you secure at home.

*May Athens flourish with a lasting Peace ;  
And may its Wealth and Power ever increase.*

*'t the People shout and cry, Alcibiades ! Alcibiades !  
Liberty Liberty, &c.*

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## P I L O G U E.

If there were hopes that ancient solid Wit  
Might please within our new fantastick Pit ;  
is Play might then support the Criticks shock ,  
is Scien grafted upon Shakespears Stock ;  
join'd with his our Poets part might thrive ,  
t by the Virtue of his Sap alive.  
ugh now no more substantial English Plays ,  
n good old Hospitality you praise ;  
Time shall come when true old Sence shall rise  
t judgment over all your Vanities.  
bt Kickshaw-Wit o' th' Stage, French Meats at Feasts  
v daily tantalize the hungry Guests ;  
le the old English Chine us'd to remain ,  
l many hungry Onsets would sustain.  
hese thin Feasts each Morsel's swallow'd down ,  
ev'ry thing but the Guests Stomach's gone.  
hese new fashion'd Feasts you've but a Tast ,  
Meat or Wit you scarce can break a Fast.  
Jantee Slightness to the French we owe ,  
that makes all slight Wits admire 'em so.

*They're*

They're of one Level, and with little Pains  
The Frothy Poet good reception gains ;  
But to hear English Wit there's use of Brains.  
Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit  
In Want of Learning, affectation, Wit,  
And which is most, in Cloaths, we'll ne'er submit.  
Their Ships or Plays o'er ours shall ne'er advance,  
For our Third Rates shall match the First of France.  
With English Judges this may bear the Test,  
Who will for Shakespears Part forgive the rest.  
The Sparks judge but as they hear others say,  
They cannot think enough to mind a Play.  
They to catch Ladies (which they dress at) come,  
Or 'cause they cannot read or think at home;  
Each here doux yeux and am'rous Looks imparts,  
Levels Crevats and Perriwigs at Hearts ;  
Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,  
And but for Vanity wou'd have 'em kind.  
No Passion...  
But for their own Dear Persons them can move,  
Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.  
Nor Wit nor Beauty their hard Hearts can strike,  
Who only their own Sense or Persons like.  
But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,  
To save him from Wits mortal Enemies.  
Since for his Friends he has the best of those,  
Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.  
And with each Mistress we must Favour find,  
They, for Evandra's sake, will sure be kind ;  
At least all those to Constant Love inclin'd.

F I N I S.